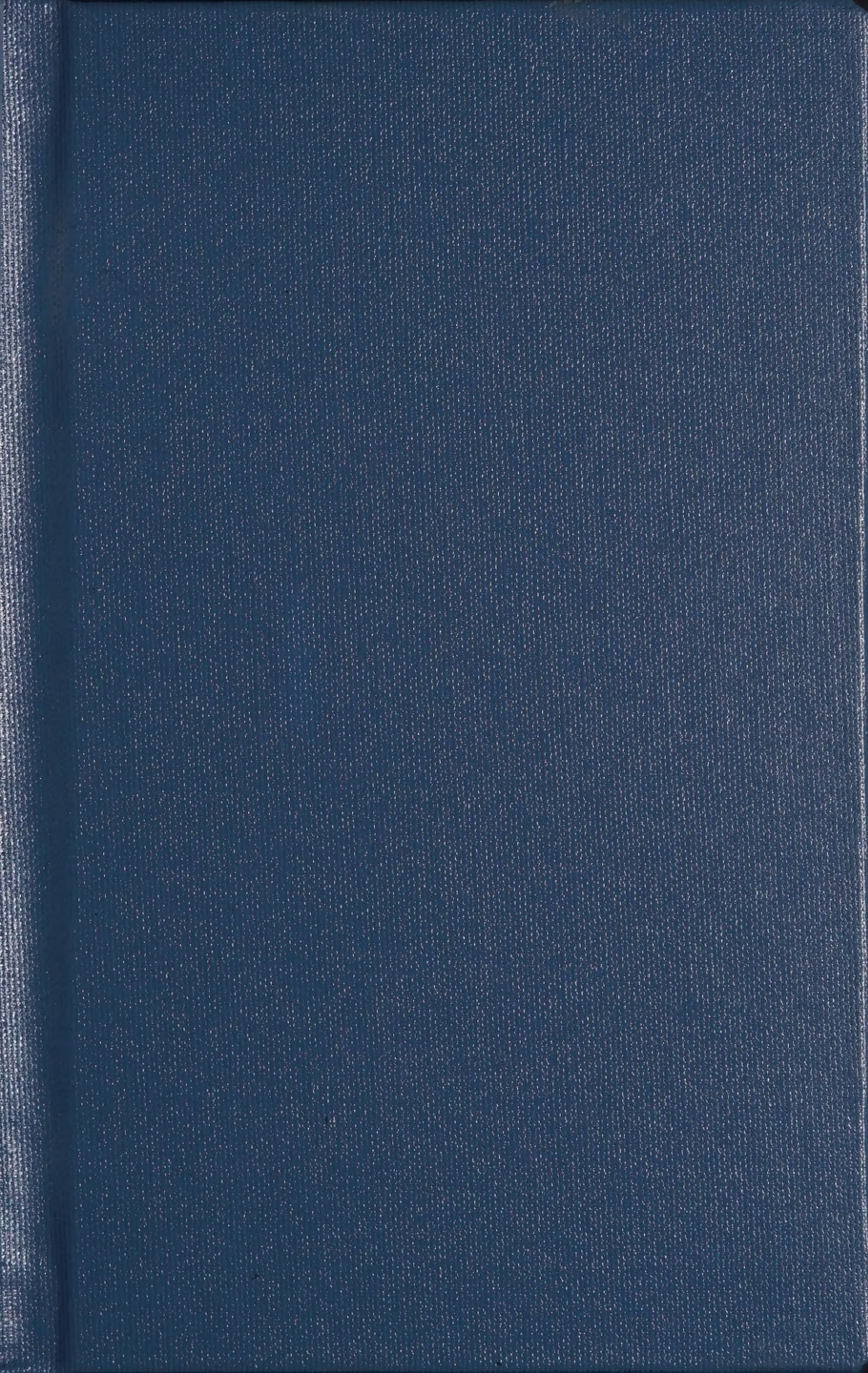




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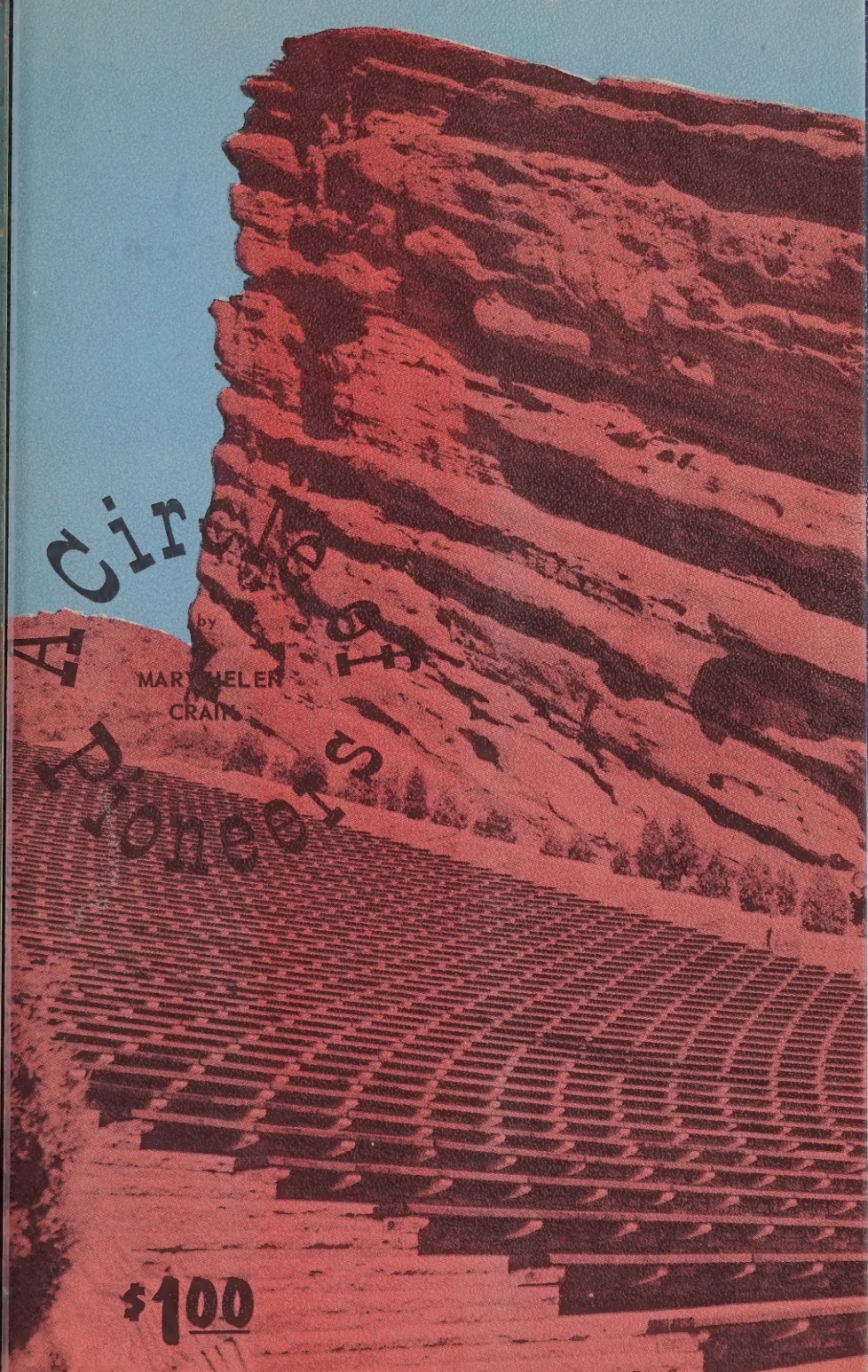
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PREFACE

Almost all books and pamphlets containing a collection of articles open with a PREFACE, an INTRODUCTION or a FOREWORD. The dictionary defines each of these words in the same way: PREFACE, a word said beforehand.

We would like to say beforehand that if these articles make the reader feel a little more at home in our part of the Colorado mountains, make him understand a little better what went into the making of our communities, then they have been worth the doing. The more one knows of a subject, the more interesting it becomes.

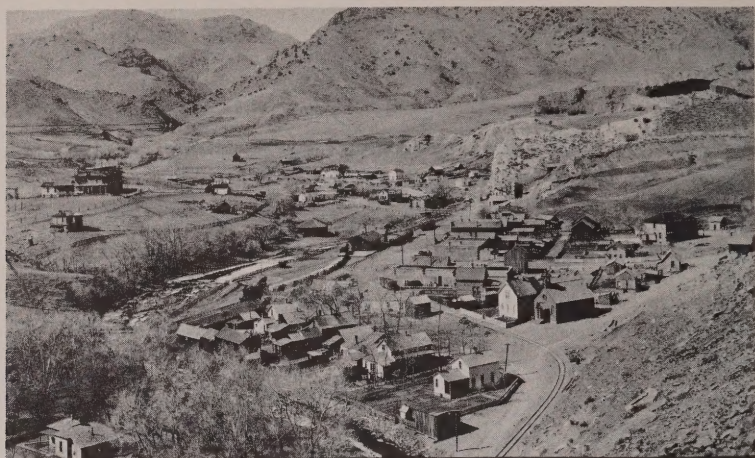
The day-to-day living of the pioneers and early settlers was the beginning of our inter-canyon and mountain communities. It has been a pleasure to talk with many of the older generation and somehow we believe that reminiscing brought each of them a certain amount of pleasure too. We hope that by learning WHO our pioneers were, HOW they lived, the things that they accomplished, residents and visitors both will see that this land of unbelievable beauty is after all very real.

We are grateful for all the help we have received in gathering material and for the pictures which were so graciously loaned to us. Both have added much, we feel, in the way of authenticity and interest.

Reprinted from articles appearing in the Canyon Courier.

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A MILLIONAIRES DREAM



TOWN OF MORRISON - MT. FALCON UPPER LEFT

High up on Mt. Falcon, fifteen miles from Denver and two thousand feet above Bear Creek at Morrison, Colorado, lie the red stone ruins of a millionaire's dream.

John Brisben Walker, founder of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, military advisor to one of our ministers to China, inventor and father of the Denver Park System, came from Pennsylvania and made his first fortune in Denver. He bought land cheaply and sold big. In 1879 he purchased 1600 acres of land near the growing city and developed an alfalfa ranch. He owned the land where the railroad station is now and he built "The Castle of Commerce" which stood by the present Sixteenth Street viaduct until it was destroyed by fire in 1951. The castle housed a permanent art exhibit, a geological exhibit, and stage performances of the ballet and the

theatre. On the grounds around the Castle he had a baseball field, race track, and an amusement park - Denver's first. At night he put on spectacular displays of fireworks for crowds of people. This was during the 1880s. Later this was all sold to the railroad and the castle ended its days as a warehouse.

Walker acquired more and more land in our part of the west. At one time he owned about four thousand acres which included the town of Morrison and what is now Red Rocks Park. He hoped to make Morrison an outstanding summer resort. He foresaw the future of the red rocks section and as early as 1900 he was staging concerts there on Sundays. There was a narrow gauge railroad into Morrison from Denver, and on Sunday mornings the train would arrive with numbers of people who had paid the sum of sixty cents to come

A CIRCLE OF PIONEERS

to Morrison, ride a sure-footed little mountain pony up to Creation Rock, and enjoy the concert.

The focal point in the resort was to be another castle, a summer home for the presidents of the United States. Walker had a famous Denver architect, J. B. Benedict, draw elaborate plans which were reproduced and published all over the world. It was to be a massive structure with turrets and towers, and bridges and underground passageways like the castles in fairy tales. Mt. Falcon was to be the site, and the stone for the castle was to be quarried from the mountain itself. At great expense to himself, Walker had a road built to the top. Then he set about building a \$50,000 mansion which was to be eventually incorporated with the castle. He imported foreign labor to build it. It was large and handsome. It boasted eight fireplaces, five in the main section and three in the servants' quarters. Handsomely furnished, the Walkers lived in it for a time, always working toward the building of the castle and the fulfillment of a dream.

On July 4, 1919, the corner stone of white Colorado marble, inscribed and dedicated to President Warren G. Harding, was laid with elaborate ceremonies. Important government officials as well as prominent citizens and railroad presidents from all over the country were Mr. Walker's guests. Flags flew, bands played, and salvos sounded in celebration. There

was a racing event between the new Stanley Steamers, in which Walker was a large investor, and the gas-driven horseless carriages. Each tried to outdo the other on the winding mountain road to the top of Mt. Falcon. Walker was vitally interested in automobiles and highways. He was the first president of the Automobile Association, and it was he who organized the National Highway Commission. He invented and manufactured an automatic road crowner to remove moisture from clay thus preventing winter freezing.

The years following the laying of the corner stone — the after-war years of World War I, were hard ones, financially speaking. The Walker fortune dwindled, and the chances of his building the castle became less and less. He haunted the Denver banks, The Chamber of Commerce, and the offices of the tycoons for money, but to no avail. In 1927 he proposed to sell bonds for \$1,000 each, but his idea received no support. At this point, defeated and broke, he gave up his dream.

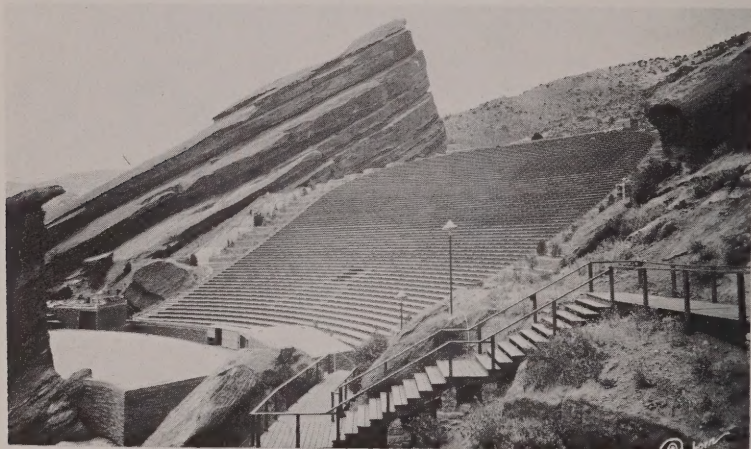
The ruins on the mountain are of the mansion, although people speak of them as "the Castle." The red stone walls that once seemed to proclaim their power to withstand the storms and thunderbolts were shattered one black and blustery night by a bolt of lightning. Only a tall chimney and portions of the heavy walls were left standing.

The marble corner stone,

laid with such hope and enthusiasm, was salvaged and brought down to Morrison. It was placed on the veranda of the Hillcrest Inn, now Pine Haven Rest Home, where it remained for many years. Mr. Walker at that time owned the Hillcrest Inn. When it passed from his hands the stone was removed, and there is much speculation as to where it is now.

On July 7, 1931, in New York City, John Brisben Walker died at the age of eighty-four. Citizens of Morrison say that he was a man who was fifty years ahead of his time. He saw possibilities that it has taken years for others to see. He made great fortunes and he lost great fortunes. And he had a dream. He died without having it materialize.

THE RED ROCKS PARK



The history of the Red Rocks Park, flanking the west side of the hogback leading into the town of Morrison, Colorado, actually begins eight hundred years ago when first the red rocks were laid there, during the actual creation of the Earth. When the earth cooled and dried, the process developed mountain ranges and the flat, sedimentary rocks were heaved up against underlying granite until the edges became

tilted at all sorts of angles. This is what happened in the red rocks. The angle there is forty-five degrees to the east. Geologists have discovered through the years that on the bottom layer there are ammonite shells, teeth of odd fish, and strange plants preserved in stone. The red color is due to deposits of iron oxide, and the entire area is honeycombed by dozens of caves and grottos.

In their excavations and

studies, one of the most important discoveries of the geologists was a thigh bone of a dinosaur, nine feet in length and twenty-eight inches in diameter. Foot prints of dinosaurs can be seen today, some large and some of the smaller "turkey" dinosaurs. Professor Arthur Lakes of the Colorado School of Mines in Golden, Colorado, found the first dinosaur bones ever discovered in the Rocky Mountain region in this same area of the Red Rocks. It was a ninety-foot dinosaur, as big as they are known to have been.

Making this stretch of the earth's geology an accessible place of beauty and enjoyment for us today was a long and frustrating process. As early as June 18, 1893, The Denver Republican stated: "Red rock country to be made inviting to tourists. Negotiations are underway for a good wagon road to be built by donations from townspeople (Morrison), to erect steps and ladders to places more difficult for ladies to climb."

Mr. John Brisben Walker, founder of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and at one time owner of virtually the whole town of Morrison, was one of the men who believed in the red rocks and foresaw the possibilities of it as a location for performances of cultural music. He built a platform on Creation Rock and held weekly Sunday concerts there during the summer months. At that time the park was known

as the Garden of the Titans. On Memorial Day in 1906, it was formally opened under that name, with 2500 visitors coming to the ceremonies by all means of transportation.

Then someone changed the name to The Garden of the Angels. During this period, in May 1911, Mary Garden was in Denver to give a concert. During her stay she was the guest of John Brisben Walker, and he took her on horseback to the red rocks. Between the Ship Rock and the Creation Rock she stood and sang "Ave Maria," very softly, accompanied by Signor Tibaldi on his violin. She was thrilled with the accustical qualities of the spot and she predicted that some day the fame of the Red Rocks would equal that of Oberammergau.

Mr. Walker owned a goodly portion of the red rocks land. When he lost his fortune and wanted to get money to build his dream castle on Mt. Falcon, he offered his red rock property to the city of Denver for the payment of his mortgages. The City fathers turned it down. But by 1925 they were considering purchasing it. It took until 1928 for the transaction to be consummated. For \$54,000 they acquired some 2700 acres, in several parcels, including the water rights along Bear Creek.

In 1929, five miles of scenic roads were constructed, and the park seemed to be on its way. It was a long, hard way, however. Money was not forthcoming. The park has been

called a monument to Geo. E. Cranmer, manager of improvements and parks for the City of Denver. He was persistent. Finally, with the assistance of C.C.C., who had built a camp at Morrison on Bear Creek, the WPA, and the National Park Service, Red Rocks Park became a reality. On Sunday, June 15, 1941, the park on 639 acres of the ground and its \$750,000 theatre, was formally opened with a delightful orchestral concert.

The theatre was designed by Burnham Hoyt, a creative Denver architect. The design is similar to the Dionysiac theatre at the Acropolis in Athens, Greece. It was built between the Ship Rock and the Creation Rock just as Mary Garden said it would be, with the sound waves rolling upward from the eighty-by-one-thousand-foot stage to the topmost seats. Ten thousand people can be seated, and there is standing room for several thousands more. All can hear the softest of music and every spoken word.

But all the problems were not solved. The new theatre

was used only twice between its opening in 1941 and 1946. Parking had proved to be a nemesis.

Politics entered the picture, and the Red Rocks Park stood idle until modern understanding and popular demand solved the situation. Today the concerts at Red Rocks Park are world-famous. They are looked forward to and enjoyed by thousands from Denver and the mountains and by visitors from all over the world. As many as twenty thousand men, women, and children on an Easter morning have watched the sunrise from the Red Rocks, and it leaves them breathless.

Whether he attends a symphony concert, a ballet, a play, or hears a famous soloist, even the most blase must feel a tightening in his throat and a warm sense of the sublime. To hear the birds in the crevices awaken and join in the clear tones of a famous soprano, to see every star shining above, and to look far, far out to the horizon makes one feel certainly that "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the World."

On the road from Bergen Park to Evergreen there is a double row of pine trees, paralleling the highway and spaced evenly just wagon wheel distance apart. These trees are there by chance and not by plan. Many, many years ago pine cones got caught in the wagon tracks of the pioneers and the wheels of the wagons pressed them into the ground where they rooted. Undisturbed, they have grown through the years until now they serve as a wonderful windbreak for the good, green meadows beyond them.

THE TOWN OF KITTREDGE



On Bear Creek, in the canyon between Evergreen and Morrison is the town of Kittredge, Colorado. It had a birthday this June of 1959 ... just thirty-nine years old. That seems very young when we consider that the first time the name of Kittredge appeared in America was three hundred and nineteen years ago. In 1640 John Kittredge came from England and settled in Billerica, Massachusetts, on the Concord River, not far from Boston. All of the Kittredge pioneers fought in the American Revolution and their descendants went on to add much to the history of our country. The names of Stone and Marble appear in the lineage and it has been said that it is no wonder that some of the Kittredges were hard headed.

Charles Marble Kittredge, father of Mrs. Alma Kittredge Schneider, present superintendent of the United States Mint

in Denver, was the founder of the town we know so well. Born in Painesville, Ohio, a direct descendent of the Billerica family, he came to Colorado for his health as a young man. He quickly made a name for himself in Denver real estate. With his father who was an engineer and who had built the first cantilever bridge over the Niagara River just below the Falls, he built the Kittredge Building at 16th and Glenarm, his famous old stone castle at 8th and Oneida and was the first to build bungalows in Denver. He did well with these as they were quite an innovation and created much interest.

When Mr. Kittredge decided to come to the mountains, new towns and subdivisions were familiar enterprises to him. He had helped found Mountclaire and had developed the Park Hill Heights section of Denver. Mountain Park Homes was his first attempt at mountain de-

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velopment, and it was successful. This is a residential section, high on a hilltop off of Little Cub Creek in Evergreen. It sold rapidly, and then he turned to canyon property and the Luther Ranch. He purchased this ranch, and in June 1920, Charles Kittredge moved his pretty wife and family into the quaint little ranch house. The town of Kittredge was born. It had no name at first and Mrs. Kittredge felt as though the family had retreated to the wilderness — a nameless town and no near neighbors. In a very short time, however, she began selling real estate and helping develop the town. She had great hope that there might be mining develop in the vicinity, but this did not materialize. She retained her real estate license until she was eighty-four years old.

In order to get their town on the maps, Mr. Kittredge applied for a post office and submitted many different names. The Postmaster General rejected them all, but suggested that it simply be called Kittredge. They got the post office and in order to keep it going in the early years, Mr. and Mrs. Kittredge ran it.

The first lot that they sold was to Mr. Mason Welch. Mr. Welch still owns his property. He and Mrs. Welch spend their winters in California now, but return to Kittredge in the summers.

Mr. Kittredge built the town water system, later selling it to Clarence Smith, Evergreen Public Service, which is now

owned by the Colorado Central Light and Power Company. There was a typical little one-room, red frame schoolhouse near the present school. When the need arose, Mr. Kittredge donated the land and built the main section of the present school. Mrs. Kittredge organized the P.T.A. and her husband served on the School Board.

Mrs. Schneider tells us that in the early days the two bridges that her father had built over Bear Creek were "constantly threatened with cloudbursts and resultant floods. Stronghurst Gulch, being part of the direct watershed from up Bergen Park way, would even dump water from up there and the old bridges would teeter and sway as the high water undermined the abutments. Finally, after he dedicated the roads to the county, they maintained them and built heavy steel and concrete bridges to replace the wooden ones built of trees felled on his own property."

Mr. Kittredge built a new and comfortable house for his family on the hill back of the old ranch house and life went smoothly on. The original Luther house between the highway and the creek is now the home of Jack and Anne Thomas. Mr. Kittredge carried on business in Denver and since he did not drive, his daughter drove him in regularly. Mrs. Kittredge played bridge occasionally with the neighbors that she had come to have, but life was quiet and simple. In 1940 Mr. Kittredge passed

away, but his wife lived on, keen and alert, until September 27th of last year. How gratifying it must have been to her to live to see their little town grow and prosper. If the

Kittredge Civic Association has anything to say about it Kittredge will continue to grow and hold its place on our inter-canyon map. A very Happy Birthday, Kittredge!

CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS



Back in the secluded, peaceful little cemetery just out of the town of Evergreen on the way to Bergen Park, lie the aging stones of the foundation of Evergreen's first church, St. Mark's of the Wilderness.

In 1872, after holding a meeting in the dining room of Stewart's Hotel in Bear Creek Canyon, a small group of men and women organized an Episcopal parish and obtained a piece of property in what is now Evergreen Cemetery. Bishop Randall, the first missionary of Colorado laid the corner stone and gave the new church its name. Funds for the building had been raised, through Bishop Randall's influence, in St. Mark's-in-the-Bowerie,

New York, and the name seemed most appropriate. The records of this first church are few, but it is known that the first service was held on January 25, 1874, and twice monthly until 1878. From then until 1883 little is known of its life. Sometime during the next three years an exchange of property took place between St. Mark's and the Methodists, resulting in St. Mark's building becoming the property of Methodists who had come from Denver to start a church. They moved the building to the spot now occupied by The Evergreen Drug Store. Before it was moved, the St. Mark's altar was taken out of it and for many years it was exposed to the weather and

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neglected. Mrs. F. J. Bancroft, a summer resident of Evergreen, discovered it and rescued it. Finally in 1893, Mrs. Mary Neosha Williams began holding services in a tent on Camp Neosha, which today is the headquarters of the Hiwan Ranch. The St. Mark's altar was again put to use in the tent.

In June of 1896, the Rev. Charles Winfred Douglas, from the state of New York, having come west for his health, met and married Dr. Josepha Williams, whose mother was vitally interested in St. Mark's. They found their way to Evergreen seeking better health and rest. In Evergreen they found exactly what they wanted. For the "Western Churchman" of June 3, 1899, Rev. Douglas wrote: "Here within thirty miles of Denver we find in an altitude

directions. In plain view of the main range of the Rockies it combines in graceful gradations the magnificently wild and picturesque with a charmingly practical agricultural district." Because he found the perfect spot that we today know it to be, he lived to shape the destinies of Evergreen's first church.

In 1897 Mr. Stewart of the Stewart's Hotel passed away and Mrs. Williams bought the property for the church. The famous old altar was placed at one end of the dining room and the first service was held on Christmas Eve. The altar of St. Mark's had at last found a permanent home. The old dining room is the nave of the present church and the present altar is the same one that had such a wandering life. From time to time as the need arose walls



from 7,000 to 9,000 ft. a superb amphitheatre so to speak, about 25 miles in length and 15 miles in width, broken by small peaks and valleys, abounding in streams of absolutely pure water, intersected by fine mountain roads leading in all

were removed and Stewart's Hotel evolved into the Mission of the Transfiguration. The old name of St. Mark's has been retained for the chapel but Mrs. Bancroft requested the change in name of the mission itself.

It was in 1911 that the famous

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bell tower was erected. The cross at the top was originally on the Church of the Redeemer in New York where Rev. Douglas was once a curate. When the building was dismantled the cross was presented to him and he in turn had it installed on the tower where it remains today. It stands as a symbol of

the history of the founding of the Church of the Transfiguration, for now it is a Church and not a mission. The interest and the generosity of the Douglasses and the parishioners who worship there have made the transition possible. On this day of Thanksgiving we give them thanks for the good that they have done.

HOMESTEAD HOUSE OF HIWAN



One day, back in 1886, Mrs. Mary Neosha Williams was taking a walk through a beautiful mountain meadow that was interspersed by large whispering pines. She came upon a man working on a new building.

"What are you doing?" she called to him.

"Building a barn," he answered.

"Do you own all this property?"

"Yep. All 1280 acres of it."

"Would you sell it?" Mrs. Williams asked.

"Sure would."

"All right. I'll take it. Will

you change your barn to a house and stay on and build it for me?" So it was that John Spence sold his land and spent the next ten years building a splendid house and companion buildings for Mrs. Williams. You will find the house a short distance off of the highway, through the Hiwan entrance, opposite the Church of the Transfiguration on Highway 74 in Evergreen. It is the homestead house on the Hiwan ranch. People who have known the house for many years call it the Douglas house, and the Douglas name is engraved on the heavy brass

knocker on the door. It became known as the Douglas house after Mrs. Williams' daughter, Dr. Josepha Williams, became Canon Charles Winfred Douglas' first wife, and they made the large log house their home.

No house could fit into the mountain picture better if an architect were to study for years how to do it. It appears to spread out low and close to the ground in spite of its three stories. It seems to have been there always and yet it could have been built yesterday. The peeled logs have been kept well oiled and the little diamond-pane windows sparkle in the afternoon sun. The tall, stately chimney gives it an air of grandeur and stability.

From the spacious dining



room, with its wide window seats, and from the bright solarium just off a cozy living room, one looks out upon a broad stone patio. It is not unlike those that are being built today, except that the stones are bigger and thicker. Heavy moss-covered stone forms the benches about the terrace. In fact, stone is an important feature in all the buildings and it all came from the ranch itself.

The house boasts seventeen rooms. There are seven bath-

rooms, varying in equipment showing the changing styles in tubs and basins as they were added through the years. Every room on every floor has ceilings of the clearest wood you have ever seen, all beamed. There is no plaster at all in the house and the woodwork throughout is the kind that is found only from the hand of a master cabinet maker.

Contrary to the trend of its time, this homestead has many built-in closets, drawers, and cabinets. There are wooden pegs in the downstairs hall for coats and hats, but there are also closets for storage. Upstairs halls have shelves for linens and sets of deep drawers. The bedrooms have little doors beside each fireplace. Open them and they reveal a perfect place for milday's shoes.

The spacious farm-type kitchen would be a joy to any housewife. It was good that it was large for the Evergreen Conference had its first home on this ranch and many people had to be fed each summer. The Conference was originally called Camp Neosha and must have brought many visitors, for not too far from the house have been found as many as twenty foundations for tents. The kitchen has been modernized to some extent. It now has a gas stove and electricity but it still remains very much as it was. Two built-in refrigerators take up a good part of the outside wall. These were the type that could be serviced from inside or out. They are as good as new — better, really, because now they are cooled by

electricity. There is a walk-in cooler as large as some of today's kitchens. This was used for hanging meat. Earl Hicks tells us that he, as a boy, worked for Mrs. Williams and it was part of his job to help cut up the animals that were hung there.

Perhaps the most handsome room in the house is the little octagonal chapel at the far north end. The curved beams to the vaulted ceiling are smooth as silk and bolted together at the base with hand-made bolts. Tiny electric lights surround the apex. These are the old type carbon bulbs and they are still intact. The windows are Gothic in design, the arched trim of each being made of one piece of wood, carefully and miraculously shaped. The room was a dedicated chapel and for a number of years Episcopalian services were held here regularly.

In back of the main house, across the driveway, is another large log house of similar design. This was built for the Douglas' son Eric. Eric was devoted to art and was himself an artist and an authority on the art of the American Indian. Both houses contain examples of his work — colorful Indian designs, reminding us that the

first Americans roamed freely through our mountains and on this ranch in particular.

Behind the Eric Douglas house is a small stone building that Eric used as a studio. It was built as a playroom for children. It is one large room, warmed by a huge fireplace at one end and was a perfect retreat for an artist.

In 1938 the Douglas property was purchased by the D. E. Buchanans and since then has been known as Hiwan. The homestead house serves as a summer haven for all the grown-ups of the family and their little folk. What a wonderful experience for children to play cowboys and Indians right on Indian home ground! And so many interesting things to explore! The old stone potato house, the work shop, stables, all in good condition, are a delight to youngsters. The Eric Douglas house is now occupied by the broker for the Hiwan Development Company. Mr. Ed Peake and Mrs. Peake. Yes, part of the original property is being subdivided and new and modern homes are visible from the windows of the homestead house, but it stands sturdy, strong and steadfast, a handsome monument to the early history of the town of Evergreen.

Colorado's "Rush to the Rockies" CENTENNIAL

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Did you know that the Pony Express of which we hear and read so often was started in 1860? Although it became famous in stories of the "wild west" it was in existence only sixteen months. The riders carried pouches which, by law, could contain only twenty pounds.

EVERGREEN FIRE OF 1926



Evergreen in 1923. The Fountain is now in the first building on the left.

It was quarter of four on the morning of November 8, 1926, that fire got started in the town of Evergreen. On the north side of Main Street was the A. R. Riel building, where the Pine Tree Shop is now. Mr. Riel (Mrs. Carrie Vezina's father), ran a merchandise store on the first floor and on the second was a dance hall. Joe Kemp used to play the fiddle for the dances—square dances, polkas, schottish—far into the night. It was in this hall that the fire broke out. Mr. and Mrs. Bus Hicks had an apartment in the building and were the first to be awakened. They were two of a half dozen persons who were driven out in their night clothes. Three of these were the Carlisle

children, Gordon, Lorraine, and Glen. Mrs. Hicks walked a quarter of a mile in her bare feet to the house of a friend while Mr. Hicks aroused J. F. Minter, the manager of the Evergreen Telephone Exchange.

The exchange was in the house on the hill back of the present post office where Mrs. Chas. D. Bruce lives now. Mrs. Minter spread the alarm by calling every phone in the neighborhood and getting out a bucket brigade. She could not touch a button and have a mechanical alarm ring as can be done now, nor was there an organized fire department with new and efficient equipment. E. W. King was supervisor of the Mt. Parks Protective As-

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sociation and he with O. P. Senter, one of the Mt. Parks patrolmen, took over the direction of the bucket brigade. Every scrub bucket in the town was corralled and put to use. Water was passed from the creek to the road, to the flames. A high wind was fanning the flames and the men fought a losing battle. Fire spread from one frame building to another right down to the Freight Office,



Evergreen in 1922. Sunnyside Groceries, Riel Store with dance hall above, and Ray Martin's Station.

which at that time was a frame building too. Jesse Baxter's Mt. Parks Pharmacy, where the Evergreen Appliance Company is now was destroyed. Nothing was left of the Riel building but the back wall and foundation. J. F. Bedford, (Elmer's father) lost his barber shop along with Mother Bedford's Cafe, and Ma and Pa Williams lost their "home-cooking" restaurant. Incidentally, that little restaurant was exactly where the new Pine Coffee Shop is located. Cecil Powers and his

mother and father had a fruit stand where the Dairy King is and they too lost everything. Joe Kemp, who helped in the bucket brigade, tells that one small building was saved by lifting it off of its foundation and placing it in the middle of the street. The R. V. Carlisle barber shop was not spared. The two buildings next to it were vacant so the men dynamited them to try to check the flames, and two hot dog stands were torn down for the same purpose. Mr. Minter had sent for a pumper from Denver and at this point it finally arrived. It had been delayed on its way up by an accident six miles down the canyon. It had skidded on a curve and the captain was thrown twenty-five feet from the truck. The pumper quickly got the fire under control and by dousing the piles of lumber in the lumber yard across the street as well as the logfilling station which stood where Davidson's Realty does now, saved the rest of the town. Evergreen, now in 1959, can count itself fortunate in having the top-notch equipment that it does and on-the-spot protection. The damages in 1926 were estimated at \$40,000, and as the Denver Post reported at the time, "almost wiped out the town." If such a thing were to happen today there would be a substantial difference in the estimate of valuation, to say the least.

Forty thousand dollars was not all that was lost, however. Mrs. Bus (Mabel) Hicks, who was a tiny little woman known for her art work and as an ex-

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cellent palmist (the tourists kept her very busy), lost her beloved possessions. She had three diamond rings that were her pride and joy. She had devised a hiding place for them in one of the legs of her piano. With the Hicks' apartment enveloped in flames so quickly she could not retrieve them. She dug for them in the rubble afterwards but never found a trace of them.

But more than for her diamonds, Mabel mourned for her pet dog. He was a little trick dog — a tiny fox terrier. Every-

one knew the little fellow and everyone missed him for years afterwards. He used to walk down the main street on his tiny hind legs and with his miniature-sized paw, carried a small umbrella to protect himself from the weather.

It has been said that maybe this fire was a good thing for the town of Evergreen. Rebuilding made it a better town. Good or bad, it was a tragedy at the time for everyone involved and no one could ever want it to happen again.

A MEADOW, A DAM AND A LAKE

Thirty years ago there was no Evergreen Lake because there was no Evergreen Dam. This beautiful spot that delights those who come to visit, was once a lush, green meadow, full of colorful wild flowers and tall, tall grass. Bear Creek ran through it, providing enough irrigation to produce as many as one hundred and fifty tons of good hay each season. This was over and above what was needed for the winter feed of the cattle of the owner of the meadow. The hay grew so tall that the men and horses were out of sight when they were cutting it.

Jerome DeDisse owned this meadow as part of his three hundred and ninety-nine acre ranch. His land included what is now



DeDisse Park, the section where Evergreen-By-The Lake is located, most of the golf course, the lake and the site of the dam. The City and County of Denver purchased the De-

Disse ranch for the purpose of building a dam to control the flood waters down lower Bear Creek. They wanted to prevent another Morrison Flood with its loss of life and damage to

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property. With a dam above they could also control the irrigation of that area. The condemnation suit specified this use, but also allowed the land to be used for recreational purposes. Walter Ailinger, father of Walter Ailinger, Jr., of Bendemeer Valley, made the survey and the New Mexico Construction Company was awarded the contract to build the dam. It was

they needed, in a cliff a short distance down Cub Creek from the present A. R. Clark Evergreen Supply Company. In order to move this rock to the dam site they had to blast out a new road. This is now Highway 73, a main road in Evergreen. It replaced the little old wagon road that crossed through the meadow and over Evergreen Hill to the little white school house,



in 1928 that they moved in their big equipment and their employees to take over the job.

They employed very few local men, but Ray Claycomb, who worked for Earl Hicks at that time, was loaned to the company to do the blasting. He was an expert at that. There was no such things as trailer houses to be pulled in for the men to live in, so they roomed with various townspeople. They were with them over a year for it took that long to complete the big concrete dam.

The construction company was fortunate in not having to import the vast tons of rock necessary for the dam. They found plenty of it, the quality

now the Christian Church. Mrs. Clara Wilmot Herzman tells of riding horseback on that road to and from her ranch on the Buffalo Park Road. Through the meadow was the best way to get to the village for supplies.

It was a big project for a little town and one that entirely changed the appearance of it. There was no more flower-covered meadow, there were no more Sunday afternoon baseball games on an improvised ball field. Old timers remember vividly the games in the meadow, that the town team played with Golden, Idaho Springs, and a team of young fellows who worked at Troutdale-in-the-

Pines. For instance, in one game back in May of 1924, Herman Olde tried to steal third base, caught his foot on a rough tuft of grass and went sprawling. He broke his leg, but his wife Valerie was not too sympathetic — he was supposed to be working that Sunday afternoon.

The flowers in the spring and the haying in the late summer — these too, are but pleasant memories. The meadow is lost under some thirty-five feet of water, but that water provides much in the way of recreation for literally thousands of young people, and some not so young. There is skating in the winter, boating and fishing in the summer. It is the usual

thing on "opening day" to see eager anglers elbow to elbow around the banks of the lake and many others trying their luck from row boats. Around the fifty-five acre lake, Denver, through its mountain parks system has developed a sporty, nine-hole golf course, and heavily wooded DeDisse Park, equipped with shelter houses and fireplaces for picnicking. The dam that forms the lake makes possible an excellent water supply for an ever-growing community, and there have been no more disastrous floods. It is good to turn back the pages of time for a moment to visualize it as it was. It is also good to look at it today and enjoy the beauty that is there.

LITTLE WHITE SCHOOLHOUSE



We all know stories of "the little red schoolhouse" but we want to tell you about a small white one — very white with very green trim. It is high above the road on a hill of rock, among the pines in the peaceful mountain settlement of Brookvale. Brookvale? Drive west out of Evergreen, up Bear Creek Canyon, past the handsome and luxurious homes that have been built there and on to Bendemeer Valley with its breath-taking view of Mt. Evans. Soon you will come to a bend in the road. Bear with it to the left and drive through a most beautiful forest of pine and blue spruce, up a winding hill until the woods open and reveal a narrow meadow. Look

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up on the right and there it is, prim and perky, looking just as it did in 1890 when it was moved there from down near Bendemeer. It is opened only on Election Day now when Brookvale residents step inside to cast their ballots.

The old wooden desks, small ones and larger ones, are still there, pushed to one side of the single room. An oil stove stands in place of the wood-burning one of the early days. Neighboring ranchers used to cut the wood for it and donate it to the cause of trying to keep the room warm for their youngsters and their teacher. One boy was selected each year to come to school early, start the fire and sweep up. For this the teacher gave him twenty-five cents a week from her salary of forty dollars a month.

The teacher was always young, sometimes only eighteen. Brookvale was a first assignment. Being young, she was active and a real pal to her pupils. She walked to school with them and played with them. Sometimes the children rode their donkeys to school and put them in a low shed that is still standing by the building. One teacher, Miss Louise Lowe, broke her ankle and was not able to walk for a while so she rode a little donkey too. The children made a wooden step for her to mount more easily and after a few scared moments she came to enjoy this mode of transportation. She had a rather short distance to go for she lived with the Andersons — Mr. and

Mrs. Gus Anderson. They always boarded the teacher in their home, for fifteen dollars a month. Lucky teacher! Mrs. Anderson was Swedish and knew all the tricks of good Swedish cooking. The only fault that the school "marms" could find with her fare was that at the end of their Brookvale stint they were definitely chubbier than when they came. Mother Anderson's waffles were irresistible. They were light and fluffy and she always topped them with thick whipped cream with home-grown red raspberries folded in it. On Saturdays, Mrs. Anderson allowed the teacher to "sleep in" and rest, but she would tip toe upstairs with coffee and a plate of big round cinnamon rolls that no young girl could refuse.

Mrs. Anderson packed lunch for her each day and when the big round clock in its walnut frame said it was time, teacher and children ate together — outside in warm weather or huddled around the stove in winter. They often traded their lunches in order to get something different and the teacher's was considered a real treat.

Recess time was fun time. There were no swings or slides, but in the fall and spring they all pitched horseshoes, teacher included. In winter they went sledding. The best fun was to put teacher on the sled and push her down the hill and then laugh WITH her when she spilled.

There were spelling bees occasionally. Once a fifteen-year-old boy outspelled the

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teacher. And graduation brought all the neighbors to see what had been accomplished during the year.

There were never more than twelve pupils in the little school and usually there were no more than six. One year, Albert Anderson, who now lives in California, was the only pupil.

Once, in the memory of Walter Anderson, a young man came to teach them. He was studying for the ministry. He was a good teacher and a fine character. He was there only a year but that was long enough for him to fall in love and marry the daughter of Mrs. Mason, the postmistress.

It was Mrs. Mason, who in 1900, started a church in the school house. There was no

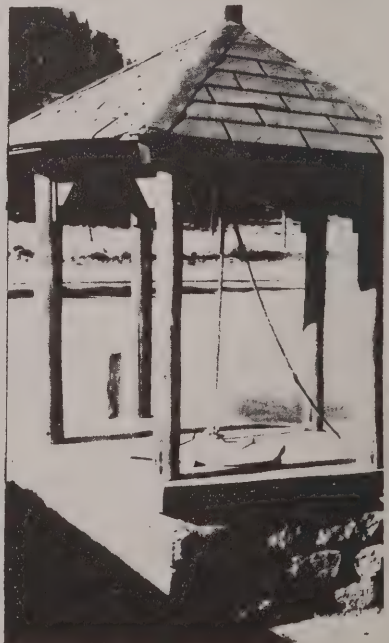
denomination or creed involved but Mrs. Mason read from the Bible and everyone from great-grandpa down to the four-year-olds joined in singing old familiar hymns.

Mrs. Mason is no longer in Brookvale but some of the Andersons are there. It was while visiting with Walter and his wife Betty, that we heard about the little white schoolhouse. Their love for it speaks out in every word they say, and it gives one a warm feeling inside. On their kitchen wall, running as it has for seventy-five years, is the old school clock, giving the correct time and the day of the month, too. It has never been stopped. May the memory of the little white schoolhouse be as lasting.

CONIFER WELL IS CIVIL WAR RELIC

Until this past year when the newly paved Route 73 from Evergreen to Conifer by-passed it by less than a hundred feet, this old well stood and still stands right in the center of the old road. You may have seen it many times. Have you ever wondered about it? For some magical reason it has been spared the ravages of our speeding traffic and the changes of time.

This old well came into being during the Civil War. In fact, its stones were being laid when word of the Battle of Bull Run reached Hutchinson-Bradford Junction, the name given to the



point at which the wagon road from Bergen Park met the toll road from Denver. Much later, probably about 1900, it became Conifer. Douglas Hamer came to live at the Junction, was impressed by the pines heavily laden with cones and changed the name to Conifer. A very short distance beyond the well there was a heavy chain across the wagon tracks, where travelers were forced to stop and pay toll. All the roads in the mountain areas were built by private enterprise and maintained by the tolls collected. The amount varied from road to road, but in general it was fifty cents to a dollar for each vehicle drawn by a single span of animals, plus twenty-five cents for each additional span. The usual train had three. Riding horses cost less and animals being driven loose required five cents a head. Many times oxen were used in place of horses or mules. They moved

more slowly but the toll was less for them since they were not so hard on the roads. Also, they required less food. The well was conveniently situated for watering both the animals and the travelers at this necessary stopping point.

One of the old-time residents of our area, Joe Kemp, tells us that on July 4, 1879, at the age of four, his parents brought him to Hutchinson-Bradford from Nebraska. He went to school in a little building across from the well. The children hauled water from it every day until the school was moved up the hill. The old well is a real landmark for Joe. He has lived in Jefferson County ever since he first came to the mountains and the old well holds his earliest and fondest memories. Let us hope that it will stay right where it is in all the years to come, a fond relic of the courageous men, women and children who pioneered for us.

CAMP NEWTON THEN AND NOW

Where the Foxton road joins Highway 285, there are five hundred and eighty-three acres of rolling farm land that is known as Camp Newton. In years gone by people spoke of it as "Beaver Ranch on Casto Creek." It was in the early eighteen sixties that one Geo. O. Kennedy homesteaded this ranch with its beautiful valleys and wooded hills. He married, raised a large family and supported them well. He was a good farmer and a good lumberman. With the advent of the railroad to the area he set

up a saw mill on his land and cut timber, shipping it to Denver from Dawson Switch, a few miles below him.

The ranch remained in his hands until 1895 when the Kennedys decided to move to the San Luis Valley and Beaver Ranch became the property of Willie Bennett and his wife, Laura Olive. Mrs. Bennett, whose father was Major Oakes, an Indian agent in Denver, was the first white girl-baby born in the city of Denver. The story of the ranch is the story of the early period of the set-



tlement of Conifer. It was another famous stage stop on the Leadville Trail. It was ideally suited for this because it had plenty of good spring water, good corrals and hotel space for the men and families who made their way into the mountains seeking gold and those who turned off into the valleys of the Platte River to hunt for fur-bearing animals and meat and fish.

The first Conifer post office was located on the ranch at a spot which is now across the road from the present camp. A Mrs. Crow and Mrs. Found ran the first mail route from this post office. For six months' work, Mrs. Crow's share of the pay was all of \$73.00.

Above the post office on the hill, was the community burying ground which today is well preserved, fenced and cared for. There are four little child-white stone marker could tell a story all its own, stories of

old age, pneumonia, suicide and murder.

But the camp on whose ground this cemetery lies beneath sheltering pines, is worth knowing about, too. James Quigg Newton, father of Denver's recent mayor, who had come into possession of Beaver Ranch, gave the five hundred and eighty-three acres to the Methodist Church in Denver. Through its community center, first called Grace Community Center and now Southwest Denver Community Center, a summer camp for boys was established, in a small way. A movement got underway in the 1940s to make it a Boy's Town but with the death of Mr. Newton the idea was dropped. In 1951, Camp Newton was established as a co-educational camp for children, eight to thirteen years of age. They come from the four counties adjacent to Denver, including our own Jefferson County. The United Fund

aids in the support of the camp and the children pay for their camping privileges only according to their ability. Mr. H. R. Lin-

ing the summer months as many as four hundred children will have the opportunity to enjoy the wide-open spaces, our



ville, more familiarly known to his neighbors as "Hank," is the director of the camp and tells us that there is new history in the making at Camp Newton. Back on the ranch, away from the now busy highway, are being erected new buildings to house as many as one hundred boys and girls at a time. It is expected that dur-

mountains, valleys, and streams.

Mrs. Linville (Ginnie) is a trained recreationist too, and with the Linvilles' experience and abilities along recreational and educational lines, Camp Newton is sure to make more fine history for the already renowned Beaver Ranch.

Historical Clifton House

The Shaffer's Crossing area on Highway 285, harbors many stories of pioneer days. There are tales of Indians, of hold-ups and hangings, of feuds and friendships, hardships and pleasures, of family life and the beginnings of a new era of civilization in the mountain wilderness. Some of these stories come to light in the

history of an old house known as Clifton House.

Clifton House stands a bit below the highway on the east side of 285, directly opposite Long Garage. It is a large, square, two-story structure of weathered frame. It has an upstairs porch across the entire front and a downstairs one to match it. What a delightful spot

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The Chas. Long family in front of Clifton House years ago. Back row, left to right: Tilithy Honor (mother), Chas. Frederick (father), Maxine Jean. Front row, left to right: Joseph Harlan, Edith Opal, Hazel Mary, and Rudolph Wesley.

to sit and look across the rolling valley to the pine covered mountains beyond! The house is topped by an iron railing, in a square pattern, reminding one of a splendid crown. The house is well built, being one of the first to be lathed and plastered. It was also one of the first to have a bath tub. Of course there was no water piped to it, but it was a beautiful tub — tin, encased in a wooden frame in a waterless bathroom whose walls were, and still are, covered with red callico cloth. By the back door there used to be a large and resonant bell mounted on a cedar post. That bell now stands by the house next door — the R. W. Long house. For,

you see, Clifton House was the home of Rudy Long's grandmother, mother and father and where he and his sisters and brothers were born and raised.

In the early 1880s Rudolph Poletz and his brother, Herman, homesteaded the property and built Clifton House. Why they called it Clifton House no one seems to know. Evidently it was a name that the brothers brought with them from Germany. They were from an old, old family in Germany, one that traces its ancestry back to 1301 to a Johnnes Cruseman.

The two Poletz brothers inherited the industriousness of their Teutonic ancestors.

Not long after their house was completed, Mrs. Mary Long,

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with her eleven-year-old son, Charles Frederick, arrived at Shaffer's Crossing from Cardington, Ohio. Rudolph fell in love with Mary. They were soon married and made their home at Clifton House. Young Charlie grew into a fine young man and found his true love in Tilithy Honor Cruse. After their marriage they, too, lived on at Clif-

occupied. The church was torn down in recent years but its Bible was given to the Shaffer's Crossing Community Church and is still used in its services in the Grange Hall, across the road from Clifton House.

Charlie Long did all this for his community while he and Tilithy maintained the thirteen room house, ranched, and raised



Hazel Mary Long (now Mrs. Jesse Fitzsimmons) at the switch board in the living room of Clifton House, about 1918.

ton House. Charlie became quite a figure in the community. Because of his growing family he realized the need of a school, so with the help of neighbors he built a little school house on his land. When the need of a house of worship manifested itself, it was Charlie who helped provide the means and the labor to build it. The little old school house has become a private residence and is still

eight children. But it was Charlie's other occupation that brought fame to Clifton House. Charlie worked for the telephone company. Sixty-four years ago he helped string the first telephone line from Denver to Leadville. The first telephone station was set up in the living room of Clifton House. It was the only line into Denver so Clifton House had constant visitors. All of them had tele-

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phone business to transact — all but one, that is." There is a story that Charlie Long had one visitor whose business was far from legitimate. The Denver-Leadville stage was held up one day by a bandit who had concealed himself in a cave above the road, swooped down on the stage and made off with all the money and a horse. He rode madly from Turkey Creek where the hold-up took place to Charlie Long's barn. Charlie was busy milking. The "bad man" dismounted from his lathered horse, traded it for Charlie's without permission and was off in a flash. The bandit is said to have hidden

his treasure somewhere in the mountains up Elk Creek. As late as two summers ago, men eager for adventure and treasure, came searching for it. As far as is known its hiding place is still a mystery.

Although Clifton House is no longer occupied it is easy to visualize the life that went on there and to see it as an important spot in mountain history. Today, as it has for sixty-four years, the telephone directory lists the Long families, R. W. and J. H. and the Long Garage who are on Clifton House property as CLIFTON HOUSE, thus keeping alive the memory of our first telephone station.

THE PROSSER HOUSE IN PINE



Mr. and Mrs. Dale Newbold and daughter, Viola, at the Prosser House

Around the turn of the century, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Prosser made their way from New York City to our mountain town of Pine. Their reason for coming was one with which we are

all familiar; they wanted to "get away from it all." Their first house was a small, one-story frame on the hillside, an easy walk from the railroad station. Here their children,

Myrtle and Norman, were born.

It was but a few years later — the year the Elk Creek Road was cut through Sphinx Park, that the Prossers recognized the need for a hotel in their village. The railroad was bringing more and more visitors and activity. Pine was a busy town. They moved their little house to one side and on the corner where it stood, built a two-story one that would accommodate the family and a number of house guests. It is still the only two-story house in Pine. Today it looks very much as it did during its hey-day of business. Two or three sleeping porches were added during the years as the need arose, and the original house adjoining has been torn down and replaced with trees, but otherwise it is much the same. The porches were added for much-needed sleeping space. At times they were really crowded, Mr. and Mrs. Prosser having to give up their own room and guests even sleeping on couches and some rolled up in blankets on the floor of the living room. But essentially The Prosser House is the same familiar gray frame building behind a neat picket fence. It is in good condition and the fresh lace curtains at the windows and the pink blossomed geraniums give one a feeling of welcome as you step on the wide front porch.

Myrtle Prosser Williams and her husband make their home at Prosser House and recently we went calling on Mrs. Williams. Fortunately for us she did not hear our knock on the

front door, for being persistent, we found the door on the west side of the house and were warmly greeted and invited into a spacious, spic and span kitchen with a heavenly aroma. Holiday cakes were baking and filling the air with a delicious, nostalgic fragrance. It was a perfect atmosphere for the story Mrs. Williams told of her mother's and father's life as hosts to Pine's many visitors.

All through the year Prosser House was a haven for railroad men and passengers from near and far. In summer it was filled with visitors and tourists. The guest book contains the names of doctors and lawyers and families from as far away as Illinois and Tennessee. The same ones came back year after year, usually spending the entire summer. The climate intrigued them, as did the lore of the west and most of all, Mrs. Prosser's cooking. The story is told that the Ute Indians who had their teepees in Pine Gulch could smell good fresh bread and roasted meat from three miles distance, and no matter how carefully the housewives hid it, they often got in and stole it. They would have really robbed Mrs. Prosser. Good, mouth-watering smells were a daily occurrence at her house. Mrs. Prosser was a superb cook. The ranches for miles around had summer paying-guests, too, and many of them would find their way to Prosser House for Saturday and Sunday dinner. Crystal Lake was a favorite picnic spot for hundreds of city folk

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who could reach it easily by train, but the majority of them left their picnic baskets at home and came down to have Mrs. Prosser's chicken dinner. As a little girl, Myrtle helped her mother, and she remember a line of waiting hungry people from the front door all the way to the railroad station.

Unfortunately all good things seem to come to an end. In 1939 the railroad was abandoned and activity in Pine

subsided. Mrs. Williams says it has been quite different these past twenty years to look out of the window and see but a few passers-by going for their mail and going home again. But good roads have come to Pine in the last little while and there is good reason to believe that soon again it will flourish. Maybe some one with a flair for cooking chicken and home-made bread could hasten the process. How about it?

CAMP SANTA MARIA

Years ago, on the South Platte River, there was a stage coach stop and hotel known as Cassell's, Colorado. Later it was a stop on the railroad that ran past it to the busy mining town of Leadville. It was "plush" as resort hotels went in those days. It was a fine, two-story building, frame, with wide verandas where guests could relax, watch the river, and enjoy the ever-changing light on the mountains. It was this hotel, sixty miles from the heart of Denver, and one mile east of the town of Grant, that became the nucleus of Camp Santa Maria.

In 1930, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Dower of Denver, purchased the old resort with its one hundred and sixty acres of ground, and established a summer camp for boys and girls. It is for the



CAMP SANTA MARIA, CAMP FIRE RING IN FOREGROUND

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children of under-privileged families and approximately four hundred of these children are given two weeks of free camping each year. The camp is now sponsored by The Denver Catholic Charities, The United Fund, and the J. K. Mullen family, Mr. Mullen being the son of the founder, Mrs. Dower.

The children are chosen for the camping privilege by investigation of their need. The camp director is Mr. James P. McNeive and with him, his staff of competent counselors and instructors, a physician and a registered nurse, the youngsters are given a wonderful camping experience. They achieve skill in many crafts and sports, they gain in health and they gain religious faith.

Their day begins with an early mass in the beautiful little St. Mary's Chapel that Mr. and Mrs. Dower built the very first year. Ground was broken for it on July 1, 1930, and unbelievable as it seems, it was dedicated on July 10th, only ten days from the day it was started. The chapel seats nearly one hundred and fifty people. The following year the Dowers did a great deal of landscaping, put in an athletic field, a baseball diamond, built an artificial lake which they called St. Mary's and which covers ten acres, and built a lovely fountain. More recently has been added an outdoor, heated swimming pool, 8500 feet above sea level. Camp Santa Maria is truly one of the best, if not THE best equipped mountain camp in the country.

The location is ideally suited to give the children the best in outdoor activities. There is fishing in the river, boating on the lake, mountain climbing, and hiking. They are taken on short hikes, day-long ones, and sometimes over-night. The youngsters develop appetites beyond belief and substantial meals are prepared for them in a spotless kitchen. Almost without exception all the campers go home showing a definite improvement in weight and health at the end of their stay.

The camping day closes with prayers as the entire group faces the lighted statue of the Sacred Heart, high on the peak



CHRIST OF THE ROCKIES

above. The statue known as "Christ of the Rockies," stands 9,000 feet above sea level. It was made for the Dowers in

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1933 by the Northwest Terracotta Company of Denver. Artists and sculptors took a year and a half planning it before the actual molding of it began. Then five sculptors set about making a great model of it so that a mold could be made. The face was done entirely by one man, the chest by another and two worked on the folds of the robe while still another did the arms and hands. The mold, when finished, was much too large for any ovens and had to be divided into sections. It was cut into two hundred and thirty-five pieces. The terracotta was pressed into these many smaller molds and baked in the manner that tile is baked. When the process was finished they were given to a building contractor who erected the complete statute in its present location. It was, at the time it was blessed by Bishop Urban J. Vehr on May 30, 1933, the

largest statue of Christ in the United States. Including its base it is fifty-two feet high, made of steel concrete, and terra cotta. The figure alone is thirty feet tall. The outstretched arm is fourteen feet from the shoulder to the hand, four feet from the wrist to the finger tips. The face is three and one-half feet from the chin to the forehead, and two feet wide. At night the statue is lighted with flood lights and can be seen for miles in all directions. High on the mountain it stands, seeming to guide the little campers below and guiding travellers on their way toward the west. Visitors to the camp are welcome during the summer, and there is a road leading to the statue. You would enjoy a trip to Santa Maria Camp, where children are given a new lease on life and a greater faith in God.

RESPLENDENT MIDWAY HOUSE



Have you driven along Highway 285 lately, going east from Charley's Country Store, and seen the freshly-painted yellow house on the left-hand side of the road? It is so attractive you couldn't help but wonder about it as you passed. It is situated in a beautiful, lush meadow with McIntyre Mountain as a background. I believe some call the mountain Berrian Mountain now. The sturdy old barns and the fences are well kept, and the whole picture is one of peaceful, happy living. Just one look tells you that the house and land is cherished by those who live there, and that there must be an interesting history to it.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Norman Meyer own this charming home and live there with their little family. Their interest in retaining as much as possible of the original atmosphere of the old house, while remodeling it for modern and comfortable living, is evidenced everywhere. It is being remodeled and restored in keeping with the original concept. The main entrance is just as it was. The double entrance doors with many colors of stained glass above them and fancy, polished doorknobs, lead into the reception hallway. On the walls is the original wallpaper of conventional design in deep beige, black, and gold. The walnut staircase, with its interestingly turned spindles, in perfect condition, leads upstairs to the dormered bedrooms.

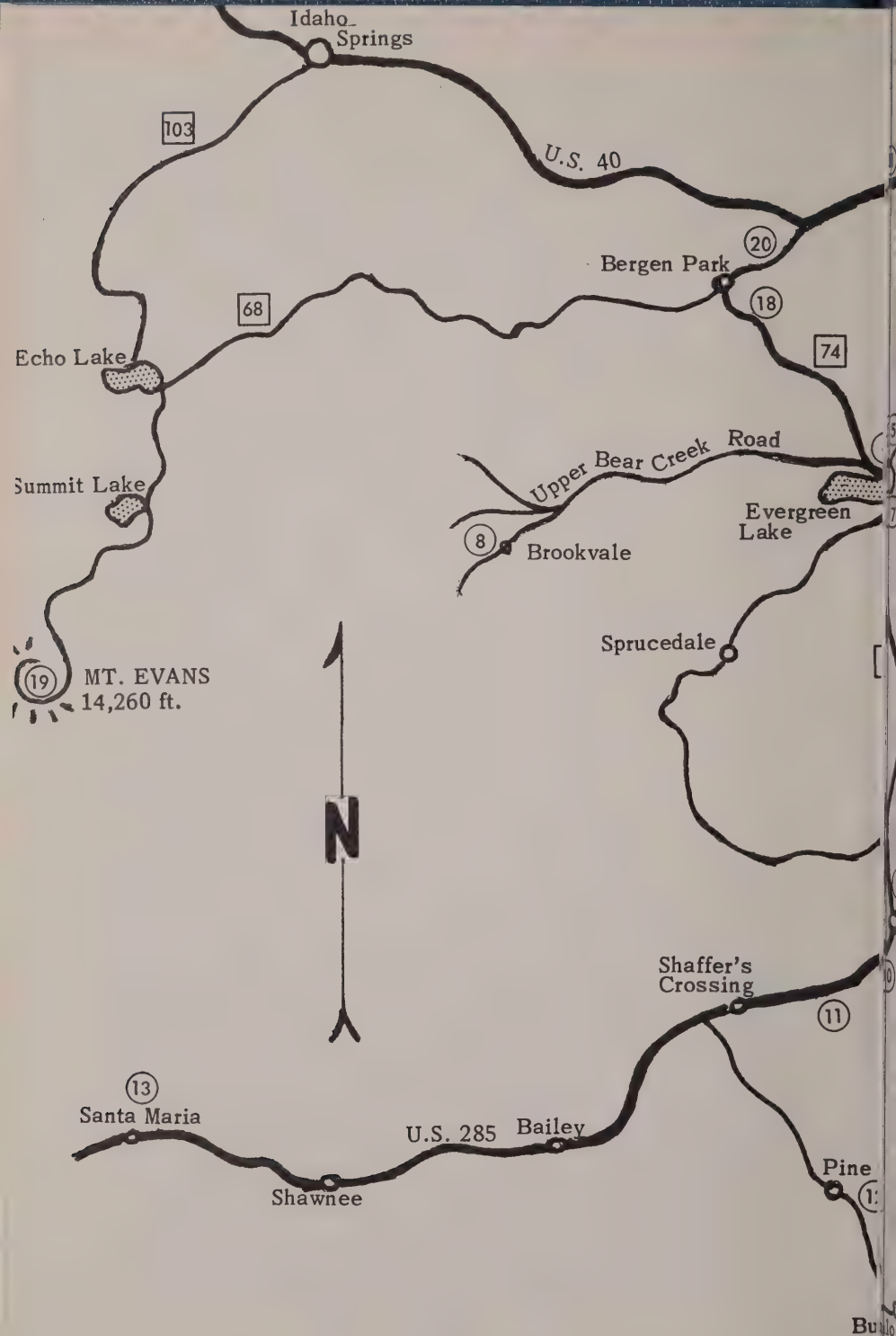
The bedrooms are furnished

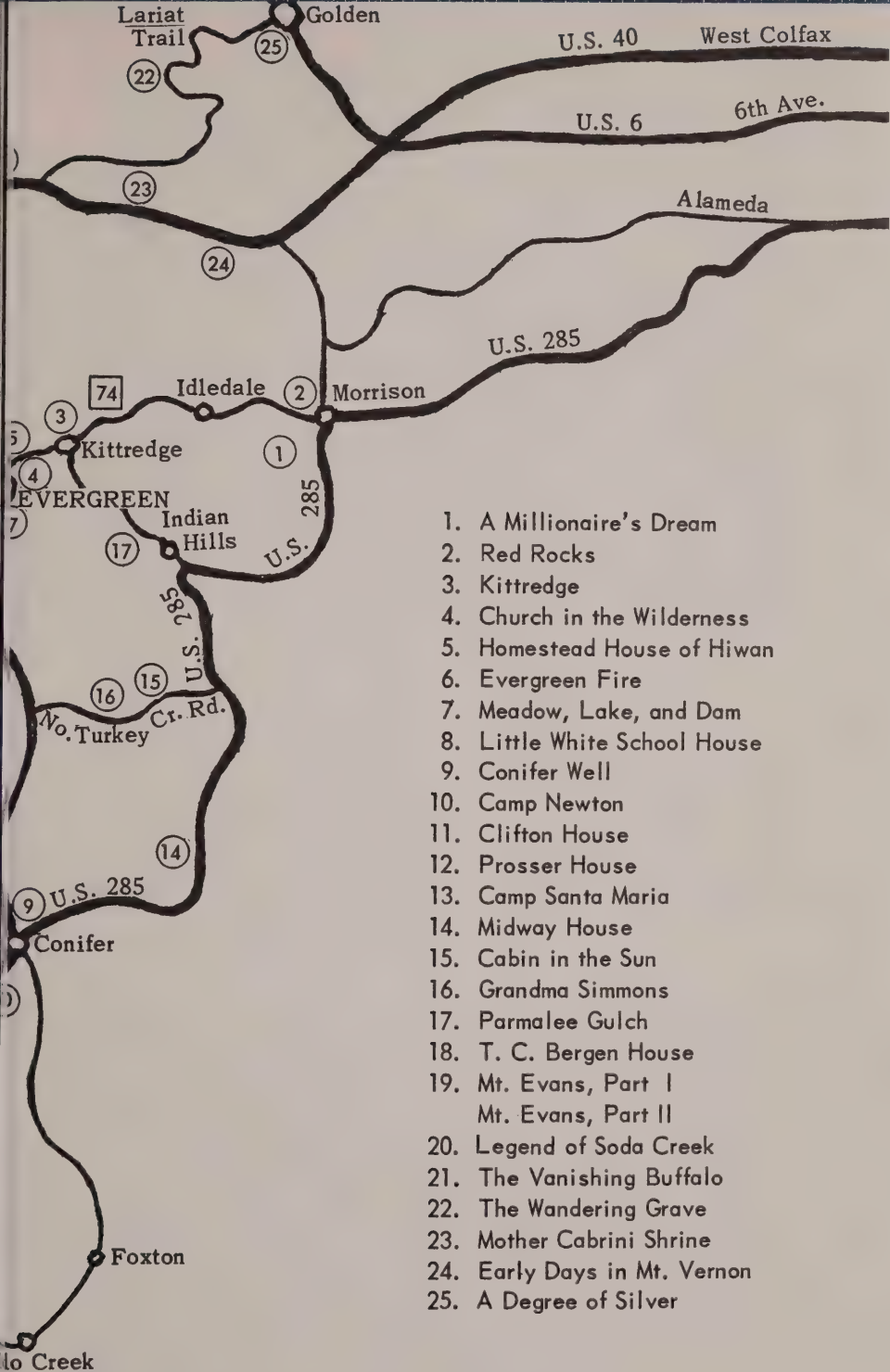
with beautiful old four-poster beds with crisp white canopies, and chests of drawers exquisite in their simplicity. Each room looks out on a mountain view that could not help but spell sweet dreams for whomever slept there. We want to know more about Midway House.

Downstairs again we see a small room in which is the only piece of furniture that was left in the house when the Meyers bought it — a walnut settee with red plush upholstery. It is a treasure just as it is. In the family room with its huge, practical fireplace and a million dollar view, Mrs. Meyer took time to tell us a bit of what she has learned of their home.

A small log cabin was the first dwelling on this land, and the Duncan McIntyre family lived in it. The old barn with its hand-hewn and wooden peg construction must have been there then, too. Through the years the barn was always filled with fine, sweet-smelling hay that the rich meadow produced. Some of the old-timers remember playing in it when they were youngsters. To the east of the house two graves are outlined by white stones—Mrs. McIntyre and a baby. Old records give the year when they were placed there as 1880.

From the abstract of the property the Meyers learned that Mr. Louis Ramboz was the next owner of the property, and it was he who had the present house built. When the new plumbing was being put





1. A Millionaire's Dream
2. Red Rocks
3. Kittredge
4. Church in the Wilderness
5. Homestead House of Hiwan
6. Evergreen Fire
7. Meadow, Lake, and Dam
8. Little White School House
9. Conifer Well
10. Camp Newton
11. Clifton House
12. Prosser House
13. Camp Santa Maria
14. Midway House
15. Cabin in the Sun
16. Grandma Simmons
17. Parmalee Gulch
18. T. C. Bergen House
19. Mt. Evans, Part I
Mt. Evans, Part II
20. Legend of Soda Creek
21. The Vanishing Buffalo
22. The Wandering Grave
23. Mother Cabrini Shrine
24. Early Days in Mt. Vernon
25. A Degree of Silver

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in, this fact was substantiated. The plumber unearthed a small board with the following pencil wording on it: "Circus Town, October 1889. This house is "BEEN" built by Joseph Grauffel of the city of Denver for Mr. Louis Ramboz. Is "BEEN" commenced in March 1889 and finished in October of the same year. Joseph Grauffel, contractor, builder."

"Circus Town?" we asked. Well, it seems that P. T. Barnum used to winter his circus animals here sometimes. With horse and wagon the only means of transporting a circus, it was impractical, costly, and time consuming to take the outfit to a warmer climate, so they stayed close to where they were when the first snows came. The hay and barns here made it a good stopping place. Even the elephants found it a good winter home.

The house itself was evidently built in two sections, for the middle wall is a thick outside one. It is thought that

the addition was made necessary by the many people who stopped on their way from Pine to Denver. Only this very winter in a heavy snow storm, Mrs. Pearl Williams of Pine took shelter with the Meyers, and from her they learned its history as a midway stopping point. Many a night the rooms were crowded, and late comers had to sleep in the barn. They never objected for it was always clean and fresh.

In 1913 R. W. Kirkpatrick came into possession of Midway House. It had had but the three owners when the Meyers purchased it from the Kirkpatricks in 1950.

If Midway House could whisper to us its innermost feelings — and we like to think these fine old homes of pioneer days have innermost feelings — it would tell us how much it means to have had a share in the lives of our early mountain settlers, and how good it feels to know that it is being well cared for and preserved for the generations to come.

Up Bear Creek Canyon out of Evergreen is Granite Glen, the home of Winston Jones. Mr. Jones owns one of the largest and most fabulous of bell collections in the world. There are over 2500 in the collection and they date back from before the birth of Christ to the very modern. From time to time the collection may be seen by visitors and in between Mr. Jones will be glad to show them to those interested if he is called.

Cabin In The Sun



THE HERZMAN HOUSE TODAY

Between the North Turkey Creek road and Stanley Park, five miles from the town of Evergreen, is a stretch of rolling meadow land, surrounded by pine woods and out-croppings of gray, majestic rock. A narrow wagon road runs through it, leading the visitor through one old wooden gate and then another, across a little creek and up a gentle hill to a quaint log cabin. You can't miss it. It is small, very brown with very white chinking. In the summer hollyhocks bloom around the small front door. The little lady who lives inside loves those hollyhocks. She loves her cabin in the sun.

It is old. One hundred and fifteen years old. It stands there almost exactly as it was that long ago. Electricity came to it in 1954, and it has a telephone, but neither is obvious.

A man by the name of Everhardt homesteaded on this land. He hand-hewed the big square logs of which he fashioned his home, and he chinked them carefully. Wooden pegs fasten them together. The few nails that have been uncovered are square ones. There are no closets, no cupboards, and just one small shelf on which now ticks a charming walnut clock of a century ago. On the outside of the cabin are heavy wooden pegs. These pegs could tell a story of their own. Mr. Everhardt made friends of the Indians who had their teepees near him. He taught them about dishes, china and silverware and a few of the niceties of civilization. In appreciation of his interest in them, they often brought him gifts. Many a morning he would step outside to find a buffalo, deer or an elk

hung on the pegs. The Indians, Sioux, it is believed, and perhaps some Arapahos, had hung



Mr. and Mrs. Charley Herzman and two sons. This picture taken many years ago.

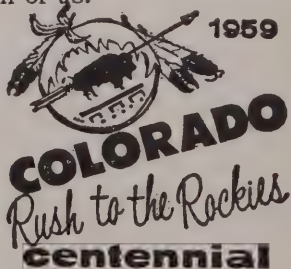
them there during the night.

Everhardt built a "root" house close to his cabin. He is said to have stored as many as one hundred bushels of potatoes in his root house. This was an unheard of amount to have at one time. The old root house is falling down now, but in its day it was important.

What has become of the Everhardt family is not entirely known, but Charlie Herzman and his wife Anna Matilda homesteaded nearby and in due time bought three pieces of land adjoining theirs, including the Everhardt land and cabin, giving them about six hundred acres. It was good farm land and good cattle land. Their

well, only sixteen feet deep, gave them crystal clear ice-water the year 'round. To this day it has never gone dry. Not even in 1930 when every well in the area turned to dust.

All this is told by Mrs. Edna Marie Herzman, wife of Charlie's and Anna Matilda's third son, Gustave. There were three sons and a daughter born to Charles and Matilda — Emil, Gustave, Henry, and Elin, now Mrs. A. T. Lewis of Denver. It was Gustave — "G.O." as his friends knew him, who chose to remain on the homestead and farm. In 1919 he met Edna Marie Ringquist of Kingsberg, Calif. She was a visitor in Colorado. In 1926, five years after the death of his parents, Gustave sent for Marie to come and be his bride. Together they worked the land, cared for their cattle and raised a daughter. She is now Mrs. E. Blakeslee and lives in California. Mrs. Herzman has been alone since her husband's death in 1950. Each fall she packs her things and takes off for her native California and her daughter and her little red-haired granddaughter. But each spring finds her home again in the little century-old cabin with its hollyhocks around the door. The Herzman Cabin — one of the oldest in the mountains, so very close to all of us.



GRANDMA SIMMONS, BELOVED PIONEER



In 1862, to come from Ohio to Colorado was a real project and an adventure, Mary Margaret Kinney of Sandusky, Ohio, made the trip that year when she was still in her teens. She had lost both her father and mother and she came west with her distant relatives, the Piersons. They made the trek by wagon train. Contrary to some versions of a wagon train, it was never made up of a small group. Often there were as many as a hundred wagons which made the trip together. Mary Kinney, always known in later years as Grandma Simmons, entertained her grandchildren with stories — real pioneer stories—of her crossing the plains. The ones about the Indians were always the favorites.

There was evidence of Indians all the way across, and sometimes they saw them. Whenever the wagon train stopped near a small village, Indians, seemingly friendly ones, would come to the wagons. They would place a colorful, hand-woven blanket on the ground and beg for sugar to be

put in it. If they were given some they left immediately. Needless to say, they always got their sugar.

The children of the travelers liked to get out and play whenever there was an opportunity. There were many big ant hills on the prairies and they liked them because they were always sandy and fun to play in. Many times they found in the ant hills bright colored beads — the seed-type ones that the Indians used to decorate their shirts, moccasins, their gauntlet gloves and even their head-dresses and their ceremonial game pouches.

Most vividly Grandma remembered the constant fear that everyone had of the Indians along the way. Each night when they stopped and made camp, the wagons would be placed in a circle, facing the center, the tongues raised. Each night a man was chosen to stand watch. Strong and adventuresome as these men were, they felt a certain amount of fear. One man was so dreadfully frightened that his fear got the best of him and he was found in the morning, dead from

A CIRCLE OF PIONEERS

hanging himself on one of the wagon tongues.

William M. Simmons, Grandpa, homesteaded on about four hundred acres of ground next to the Herzman ranch on North Turkey Creek. He cleared the willows from his land giving him a good meadow and a place for a fine garden. He built a small cabin in the meadow and lived in it until a number of years after he married Mary Kinney. Three of their little girls were born in the cabin. Then they needed more room so they built, by hand, of course, a new two-level house closer to the road. It was a simple house but a sturdy one of frame with two bedrooms on the ground floor and living quarters on the second. On the front there was a large sunny window for Mary's plants and flowers that she loved so much. The house has been changed somewhat now, but it still stands and is occupied year-round.

In the 1880s, William Simmons was a freighter between Nebraska City and Denver. Ultimately he gave this up to concentrate on his ranching, and Mary helped him. The Simmons's meadow produced fine hay, and they raised excellent potatoes and quantities of them. Some of the Old Timers say that it rained every afternoon in those days and that is why potatoes were so large and so plentiful. Others say that we do not raise them now because a blight infested the area some twenty-five years ago and discouraged the growing of them. But the Simmons had lots of them and they took them by

wagon to Idaho Springs and sold them to the many miners there. The hay and potatoes that they could not sell there, they shipped to Denver.

Indians camped near the Simmons land, but remembering the fear of them when she came to Colorado, Grandma Simmons never became overly friendly with them. They often tramped through her well-worked garden but she dared not complain. They greeted her with "How" and she simply answered "How." That was all. Sometimes these Indians, too, begged for sugar. One would come to the door and say: "White woman give Indian sugar?" Grandma always gave him some. She dared not refuse.

There were four Simmons girls and one boy—Ida, Alminda, Alice, Maude, and Bill. One by one the children grew up, married and left the homestead. That is, they all left but Bill. He stayed on the ranch for sixty-one years. But the family always seemed to get together for the weddings as can be seen by the accompanying picture, taken September 1, 1901, the day of Maude's wedding to Johnny Halls. Down in the front row is Earl Hicks, Alminda's son, and his sister, Ida.

Grandma Simmons lived until 1927, a long, strenuous, but happy life. In 1944 Bill sold the ranch and retired to Golden where he lives at the present time. Grandma Simmons is remembered as a fine pioneer woman with fabulous and fascinating tales to tell of the settling of our mountains and our west.

PARMALEE GULCH HISTORY



Carl Bacon's Cabin in 1906

A busy, beautiful and well-paved highway is route 285 from Morrison west. It follows the old stage coach road through a wooded and rugged canyon to Conifer, or Bradford Junction as it was called in the past, and on to Leadville. It was a toll road in the 1870s, the section along Turkey Creek being owned by a Colonel Jim McNasser. The toll gate was located about one-half mile below the mouth of Parmalee Gulch, or Indian Hills Road as it is marked now. Approaching this point, looking high up on the right, can be seen a deep cave going back into the rugged brown rock. This is known as Indian Cave, and for good reason. There was once an Indian trail over the mountains from Morrison to Parmalee Gulch. Edward C. Berrian who lived in Parmalee Gulch as a boy wrote in 1924: "This trail was quite often traversed in riding after cattle, and it was the shortest

way by horseback to Morrison and the railroad from Parmalee Gulch. Once, on this trail, my father met a band of Indians on their way back to their reservation from an exposition in Denver." It is known that many years ago the Utes, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Comanches used this area as a summer camping ground. The Utes were there more permanently than the others and evidence has been found of battles fought by them against their nomadic enemies of the plains.

In 1877, the keeper of the toll gate was Rufus Debarneure. He not only collected the toll and handled the mail that was brought by the stage but it was also his job to keep the road clear of stones that rolled off of the mountain sides. To do this he made a daily trip over it on foot, with his shovel. Occasionally after a cloudburst, the road would be washed out in spots. Then the neighbors

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would lend a hand in making repairs.

Just beyond Indian Cave and the tollgate site, Parmalee Gulch takes off to the right. A short distance up, behind the Indian Hills post office, is the old Parmalee house, built by General Parmalee for whom the gulch was named. The Hepfinger family lives there now, the house being very much as it was when it was built one hundred years ago. There seems to be little known of the Parmalee family but the house that they built was a substantial, square-log one

Mr. Berrian lived on the Parmalee ranch for several years. His parents had "rough sledding" after a Denver bank failure took their small cash capital and with one long-horned Texas cow, they started in the butter-making business to help make ends meet. Young Edward often hitched his pet shepherd dog to a little cart and took fresh buttermilk to the tollgate and sold it to the Leadville freighters. They were eager for it, never quibbled about the price and sometimes bought the pail as well as its contents.



The Parmalee House Today

that has withstood the ravages of time. Their well was a community well and is still in use in the summer to augment the water supply of the summer residents. The house passed from the Parmalee family to Walter and Robert Jones who, with their mother, Mrs. Nellie Jones, lived there until about 1950, Mrs. Jones was the postmistress and maintained the post office in her home.

For many years there were but a few families and buildings in the Gulch. A mile and a half beyond the Parmalee ranch was a store and stopping place operated by an elderly gentleman named Ord. There was Mother Elliot's farm and the MacIntire farm. The MacIntires met with foul play and were found dead in their beds having been murdered by a hired hand.

A CIRCLE OF PIONEERS

There was the Douglas Ranch, and the Forbes Ranch, now Shawnee Village. Tom Hewetson owned the Black Ranch and Ben Eden had the largest acreage in the Gulch. His property is now Eden Park. Where the Wagon Wheel Cottages are now there was a log school house. A short distance beyond, a trail-like road leads into the mountains to the west, into Giant Gulch.

In the 1890s a Joe Lewis homesteaded on one hundred and sixty acres up this draw. He lived there in his little log cabin until he sold it in 1906 to Carl Bacon. Mr. Bacon bought it for the express purpose of taking the timber off the property. In his own words: "I bached it there, alone with my pipe." Most of the timber that he cut was used for railroad ties, some for fence posts. The railroads bought the ties "on the stump" for ten cents a tie. A tree would cut into only two to four ties. Twenty or forty cents for a tree that took twenty or forty years to reach that point! Mr. Bacon took his timber on skids down Giant Gulch to the Parmalee wagon road and thence to Morrison.

Fifty years ago the whole of The Parmalee Gulch area had been cut over. Lumber was big

business. All the red spruce was cut because it was a lasting wood, very like Oregon pine, and in demand. Yellow pine, the best native wood, was all cut. "Black Jack," a dark pine, is not very good, nevertheless it was cut too. The water spruce has no value as lumber and so it alone was spared. The really big trees that are noticeable in the Gulch are the water spruce. Later abstracts on mountain property forbade the cutting of timber so that now we may enjoy wooded mountains.

Mr. Bacon sold his land to his brother, who in turn resold it in 1914 for \$1,000. The original one hundred and sixty acres have never been divided.

A great deal of the Parmalee Gulch land has been divided, however. In 1918, George Olinger of Denver, acquired much of it and through the Olinger Corporation began the promotion of the area as a place for permanent summer residents. They named it Indian Hills and revived many of the old Indian legends. Like other sections of the mountains Indian Hills has become a place for year-round living as well as summer. Call it Indian Hills, or Parmalee Gulch, it is interesting — and it is beautiful.

The incomparable Colorado Blue Spruce which adds so much to the natural beauty of our mountains, was discovered just below the town of Evergreen, in the Bear Creek Canyon. A bronze plaque commemorates this discovery. It reads: "In honor of Dr. A. A. Parry, discoverer of the Colorado Blue Spruce, 1952." The plaque was dedicated by the American Association of Nurserymen.

MANY OF US PASS IT EVERYDAY



T. C. BERGEN HOME—BUILT IN 1865

It has been said that the more one knows about a subject the more interesting and enjoyable it becomes. We know this is true of the arts, music and science. Why should it not be true of the region in which we live, our own mountain area? Certainly we love our blue, blue sky, our lush pines and golden aspen, the clear streams and mountain lakes. Of course, we love them all. That is why we are here. But do we realize that we live midst the very early history of the great West? Our particular section has innumerable FIRSTS in its background. There are landmarks that could tell "WESTERNS" equal to anything on today's television. True WESTERNS!

Our first story comes from Bergen Park, from the neat little brown house on the right hand side of the road, just before you get to the PARK coming from Evergreen. You know the one. Pretty red geraniums in the windows and a big octagonal bam only a stone's throw away. It is on the Hiwan Ranch. A long time ago, 1865 to be

exact, this was the T. C. Bergen home.

Thomas C. Bergen, according to Mr. C. M. Hamilton, a life-long resident of Bergen Park and who has kindly allowed us to benefit from his research and writings, joined a wagon train that left DeWitt County, Illinois in 1859. In June of that year he arrived at the mouth of Cherry Creek, now Denver. He went straight toward the mountains. He got his first view of the high country from horse back. He is said to have remarked; "It is the most beautiful spot my eye ever rested upon," and he vowed to make it his home. By the fourth of July his first house was finished and T. C. Bergen became the first white settler in what we know as Bergen Park. Unfortunately this house no longer exists, but the spot where it stood is marked by a monument erected by the Colorado State Historical Society.

The Bergen family lived in their first log house, making friends with a band of Sioux Indian warriors who camped be-

side them and with the Utes, whose hunting grounds the Bergens had invaded, until they built their home which still stands. This house, like the first, was used not only for the family but as a hotel, and did a flourishing business. Their guests were for the most part, over-night, and they seldom had less than twenty. People were on their way to seek gold. Fifty cents per night was the rate, with meals at fifty cents each. The Bergen ranch was a stage station and the main stopping place as long as the wagon was the only means of transportation. Bergen was in the oxen business as well as the tavern. His guests' oxen were often footsore and temporarily unfit to go farther when they reached Bergen Park. These he bought, put in his fine pastures and reconditioned to be sold at a good profit.

T. C. Bergen was a great leader of the early settlers. He was respected and looked to for guidance. He was chosen to head the government of the community, formed in 1860. He and his neighbors organized the County of Ni-Wot with the county seat at Bergen Park, thereby forming a government within a government, rarely known in United States history. One neighbor was not considered in the list of officers and because he resented this, organized another county, overlapping Ni-Wot. Then the fireworks began. There were labor disputes, thievings and hangings. Through it all the man who built the little brown house kept the good will of his community until he chose to leave it in 1873. At that time he moved two miles south of Morrison to raise stock and to establish the area's first trout hatchery — but that is another very interesting story.

An industry which originated in 1865 on Prince Edward Island in Canada, found its way to Colorado. It is the fur-farming business and the Inter-Canyon area produces some of the finest furs in the world. It began, here, with the costly silver fox about sixty-five years ago. Now, with the change in fashion, the breeders are concentrating on mink, and its thirty-seven mutations. There are one hundred and twenty mink ranches in Colorado and one of the finest of these is at the junction of Highway 40 and 74, to Bergen Park and Evergreen. The famous Blue Iris mink was developed here and new ones are constantly being worked on.

ATOP MOUNT EVANS



CREST HOUSE
PART I

Colorado's Mt. Evans, 14,259 feet above sea level, from whose top two hundred miles of the Colorado Rockies can be seen, an area over six times that of the entire country of Switzerland, stands for much more than being one of the highest mountain peaks. Tied in with its beauty and grandeur is history, history that has been made and scientific history in the making.

Mt. Evans was first called Mt. Rosalie. The first man to paint a picture of it was Albert Bierstadt, a German artist, who named the mountain for his wife. From 1862 to 1865, Dr. John Evans, grandfather of Mrs. Roblin H. Davis whose home is the Evans Ranch at the foot of Mt. Evans not far from Evergreen, was the second Territorial Governor of Colorado, and a friend of Abraham Lincoln. In 1895, when Dr. Evans was eighty-one years old the peak was renamed in his honor. This was a just and right change for Dr. Evans did many good things in his lifetime for his adopted Colorado. But Dr. Evans' life is a story in itself.

Perhaps you would like to take a trip to the top of Mt. Evans and see for yourself the spot that has become famous in scientific history. You can go to the top, you know. You can go by way of the highest automobile road in North

America. It was completed in 1942 with the aid of the Forestry Service, the W.P.A., and a group of Denver business men. You reach Mt. Evans either by way of the Squaw Pass road from Bergen Park or drive thirty-five miles west of Den-



MOUNT EVANS FROM BENDEMEER VALLEY

ver on Highway 6 to Idaho Springs, then take State Route 103 in a south-westerly direction. The well-paved road takes you through the aspens and pines, past the gem-like Echo Lake, up and up to Summit Lake where ice lingers on the edge well into the summer. Here the paving ends, but a gravel road, well-maintained continues on, winding up to the crest of the mountain. Watch as you go along, the change in the vegetation. Miniature rock plants and moss have taken the place of the taller grasses along the streams and the straight, thick pines have been left behind. The trees up here are gnarled and twisted by the wind, gray and ghost-like, until at the crest there none at all.

I hope you brought a warm jacket. The wind blows cold up here even in July. If you want the experience of going to the topmost spot you can take a narrow foot trail for another two-fifths of a mile.

The Forestry Service blasted to make this trail and it took them two years to complete it.

But you will want to stop and go into Crest House. Crest House is the name given to the modernistic-looking building, one side of which rests on the very edge of the peak. Crest House is two stories high and its slanting walls of glass and stone are made that way for reasons other than contemporary architecture. The slant breaks the force of the winter gales which reach a velocity of one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles an hour. The granite of which the house is made was quarried at the summit of Mr. Evans and pulled into place by manpower. Hoisting machinery was impossible to use at the high altitude. From the top of the foot trail you can look straight down, a sheer drop, nine miles by road, to Summit Lake.

Justus Roehling of Kittredge, built Crest House. It took two summers, '40 and '41, to build,

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and every year since, under contract, Mr. Roehling has opened Crest House at the beginning of the season, making any repairs necessary, and closed it at the end of the season.

The cost of Crest House when completed was \$50,000. There is some return on the investment from the concessions operated under a permit from the Forestry Service. There is a coffee shop, a gift shop, comfort facilities, and sleeping rooms for help. The building was dedicated in 1941. During the war it was closed to the public and turned over to the army for experimental purposes. In 1943 winter winds and early spring snows practically wrecked it. Much of the glass was broken and when it was reached after the winter blizzards there was from three

to five feet of snow on the first and second floors, both. Crest House is open from the first part of June until about the first of September. When it is closed the highway department puts a CLOSED sign on the upper road at Summit Lake. Wise people take heed of that sign. But in the summer it is an experience that no one should miss, to visit the top of the world, Mt. Evans.

Next to the Crest House is the Mt. Evans Laboratory, owned by the Inter-University High Altitude Laboratories, an association of the University of Denver, University of Colorado, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Princeton University. It is a million-dollar laboratory, one of the highest, if not THE highest in the world. But that is next week's story.

Part 2

The million dollar laboratory atop Mt. Evans, was built in 1932. It is owned by the Inter-University High Altitude Laboratories, an association of The University of Denver, of which Dr. John Evans was one of the founders, University of Colorado, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Princeton University. The building itself is conical in shape. There are no flat walls or sides so that it is able to withstand winds of one hundred miles an hour or more. The walls are stripped with metal and the roof and floor are connected with ground wires for protection from lightning. There are two rooms

in the building, each twenty by twenty-four feet. One is a laboratory, the other provides living quarters for six observers. Built in Denver, the building was cut into sections and transported to the top of Mt. Evans by truck.

Telephone service was established on Mt. Evans in 1948. The first telephone was installed in a converted army trailer and the physicists were able to converse with their base camp at Echo Lake. Now, North America's highest telephone reaches Denver by short wave, without wire connections. From Denver it can be connected with any other phone in

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The laboratory is the gabled building atop the ridge behind the Crest House. The trailer with light top in foreground is also a laboratory. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Justus Roehling.

the Bell system, by wires. Until service was established on Mt. Evans, Pikes Peak held the record for having the highest phone, but it is one hundred and fifty feet lower.

Until recently the research activity was predominately in the field of Cosmic Rays, the invisible rays that are said to affect the evolution of the world. Such well-known scientists as Walter M. Nielson of Duke University, Dr. K. Z. Morgan of Lenoir College at Hickory, North Carolina, and R. T. Dickerson of Richmond, Virginia, have taken part in the cosmic ray work. One summer they moved twenty-five hundred pounds of intricate equipment by truck to the top of Mt. Evans via Bear Creek, camping at Evergreen on the way. This summer of 1959 there will probably be some cosmic ray work carried on al-

though, according to Dr. Mario coordinator of the laboratory, plans are not quite definite as yet.

During the past few years medical groups have made use of the laboratory and facilities on top of Mt. Evans, especially groups from the Physiology Department of the Colorado School of Medicine and groups from the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas. They have studied effects of acclimatization and accelerated breathing in high altitude, on pilots, all in view of jet propulsion. The theory is that pilots living at the higher altitude should be able to fly their planes higher with less ill effect on their bodies.

In July 1958 several Air Force men were selected to make a five-hour hike from Summit Lake to the top to help in choosing the first spaceman.



Above Timberline on Mt. Evans Road to Summit Lake, Colorado

From the test they learned that probably the best age for a spaceman is between thirty and forty-five years. Men from twenty to fifty-two were tested. This also gave doctors a chance to test theories of heart disease and hardening of the arteries.

Back in 1955, thirteen men of the Canadian Air Force and nine from the United States carried on rescue exercises on Mt. Evans. They were testing the supplies of the two countries and evaluating their techniques. Three nurses were also a part of this group.

A medical group from Dartmouth College is expected to come to Mt. Evans this summer and one from Randolph Field, so that the laboratory will be in use from time to time during July, August, and September. To quote Dr. Iona: "At present there is only a small experiment in operation near Echo Lake which is a continuation

of magnetic measurements begun during the International Geophysical Year by the Denver Research Institute of the University of Denver. Cosmic Ray irradiation of materials will be started within two weeks (by April 1st, 1959) at Echo Lake by Dr. Lal of India, working at present at the University of California, LaJolla."

Whether you are a scientist or not, if you are a tourist or a native Coloradan, Mt. Evans holds much of interest for you and for the world. Those of us who are fortunate enough to live in the mountain areas within sight of Mt. Evans can feel very proud of our own "back yard."

Note: We appreciate the information received from Dr. Mario Iona, coordinator of the Inter-University High Altitude Laboratories, and the help given us by the Denver Public Library in gathering the material for this article.

LEGEND OF SODA CREEK ROAD



The Railroad Station and Pavilion in 1878.

How many times have you passed through Fillius Park, one of the most wooded of the Denver Mountain Parks, on your way to Mt. Vernon, Golden or Denver? Many, of course, and some go through it twice daily. Did you realize that the little dirt road that takes off to the west, opposite the picnic shelter was constructed as a wagon road in 1873? It followed the same route then as it does now,

down through a long, sweeping meadow, offering a perfect picture-view of the snow-capped mountains all the way. It has always been known as the Soda Creek Road, the road that made Bergen Park and surrounding area accessible to the Colorado Central Railroad. It joined the Georgetown stage road at Hayward's Junction on Soda Creek and went on four and a half miles farther to the

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old railroad station known as Beaverbrook Station. It was important to have Beaverbrook Station within reasonable reach for in about 1871 gold, silver and copper were discovered all through the section west of Bergen Park. The railroad was vital to the mining industry as well as a convenience for the many settlers who had come with the boom. The old station with its quaint pavilion high above the road bed, was a very busy spot in the 1870s and 80s.

But it was not any more busy than the wagon road that led to it. Miners and cattlemen drove their wagons down it constantly. Some were drawn by oxen as is evidenced by oxen shoes that have been found by the road in later years. Travellers had to pass a Ute Indian village close to Hayward Junction, but the Utes were friendly and peaceful, their children being the only ones to give any trouble. Child-like they would stand by the road and throw rocks at the passers-by. Mrs. Fairly who lived on the road was a great favorite with the Ute Chief Colorow. He visited with her often. She had once given him a Carter's Little Liver Pill and he had liked it. He kept coming back for more. Mrs. Fairly used to tell of his coming and asking for his "treat." One day he ate a whole box. The rest of the story is left to the imagination.

On September 23, 1879, Ben Hayward, for whom the Junction, was named, was murdered by two men who had come by and hired him to drive them into

Denver. A neighbor had seen these men that day and was able to identify them. The next spring they were caught — one in Nebraska and one in Meeker. They were brought back and jailed in Golden. A few days later the citizens of Soda Creek formed a lynching party and in spite of the efforts of the sheriff, they got the job done.

The mines along the road were in full operation during this period and with one exception, continued producing for a long time. One copper mine was abandoned after a tragedy occurred. One of the workers went down into the mine too soon after some blasting had been done and lost his life by gas fumes. The mine was never re-opened.

While tragedy struck all along the road, there was one house that escaped. About a mile or so from Fillius Park is Kinnikinnick Ranch, owned by Mrs. Hazel Humphrey and her daughter Hazel Lou. The house was built in 1883 and looks today very much as it did then, for the additions that the Humphreys have made are in perfect keeping with the original house. J. J. Clark, a Colorado senator, owned a butcher shop and grocery in thriving Central City. He needed land on which to fatten his cattle and found 330 acres in the Soda Creek section to be exactly what he wanted. He homesteaded the acreage which included the present Fillius Park. When he married his wife Sarah, he built for her the original house, one of the finest houses of its time. The



The Humphrey House as it is Today

best carpenter in Central City was employed and with a saw-mill on the place, he cut the logs, hand-hewed them, nailed them with hand-made square nails and chinked them with adobe. It was well constructed. The beams of the roof are three by tens which is ruggedly substantial in any day and age. It was an expensive house for those days, costing Mr. Clark \$850.00. A pretty, time-mellowed house, it seems to literally hug the ground it stands on and to be an integral part of its surroundings. The big lilac bush which today shades the front window is the same one that Sarah Clark planted seventy-five years ago, the year she came there as a bride. Each spring its fragrant purple blossoms start one's thoughts and imagination working overtime.

It is not difficult to picture the kind of life that was lived there. Beside the house, dug into the hillside, was a blacksmith's shop of sorts, a potato

cellar, and a rabbit hutch, all lined up in a row. Evidence of these can still be seen. The stone-lined bucket-well is in use today, a thirty-three-foot well that never fails.

About one-fourth of a mile beyond the house is a fairly open plot that was the summer hunting ground of the Arapahoes. Through it ran the Georgetown stage road as it rolled along the hills to meet the Soda Creek road. General Grant and Sherman travelled this road from 1859 on. An occasional arrowhead can still be found in the "hunting ground." Should you decide to go looking for them, be sure to see Mrs. Humphrey first. She and her daughter cherish this land and the history that was made there. They want to keep it as it was if possible. Their preservation of the Soda Creek acreage is a blessing, when so much of tradition has been lost with the coming of our twentieth century of so-called Progress.

THE VANISHING BUFFALO



From "The Picture maker of the old West, Wm. H. Jackson" by his son, Clarence S. Jackson.

Remember the very first time you came over the brow of the hill on U.S. Highway 40 in Mt. Vernon? You saw bluer sky than you had ever seen before. The white of the snow on the mountain peaks was intense. You were in a new and wonderful world. Or maybe it was a summer evening when you came. The after-glow of a western sunset made the mountains stand out in a mid-night shaded silhouette. If you did not react to that first picture of the Rocky Mountain west in one way or another you are of the minority. Automatically you slowed your pace to make the scene last a bit longer. Perhaps you even stopped by the side of the road. As you did so your eyes dropped from the long-range view of Berthoud Pass area to the pasture land near the road. You saw a rare sight ... one of the few of its kind in existence.

On seven hundred acres of pasture land, the City and County of Denver maintains a herd of buffalo. They are probably the most photographed buffalo in the world. At any season in the year people stop to see the kind of animals that

once roamed our western plains in great herds, and to take pictures of them as they graze.

Over thirty years ago, this herd was established and has been cared for by the Denver Mountain Parks maintenance crew. The size of the herd has

varied from time to time but at present there are twenty-six animals in the Genesee Animal Enclosure, as the pasture is called. There are sixteen cow buffalo, five long-yearlings, three 1958 calves, and two bulls. The little calves, not really so little, either, are always much lighter in color than their dark brown parents.

There are three separate enclosures for these animals, each having heavy wirefencing around it. There is one on the north side of Highway 40 which is connected to another enclosure by an underpass under the highway. From the second there is an underpass on the Genesee Park Road to a third. Sometimes the buffalo are seen on one side of the highway and sometimes on the other. A quiet little stream runs through the north pasture and there is plenty of good grass on both sides.

In the very early years of our country when the bison, as buffaloes were often referred to, travelled the plains freely, they fed on a low-growing grass that has become known as buffalo-grass. In the very early years the Indians would force the buffalo into a corral-like enclosure, close to a mountain cliff, and then drive them over the cliff to their death. Somewhat later they came to use the bow and arrow. Still later they used the gun. But the Indians were moderate in their killing of wild game. They killed only for the necessities

of life. The buffalo, the antelope, deer, elk, quail, pigeons, and wild turkeys were hunted for food only, never just for the sake of hunting. Their fishing was for the same purpose, food. Had the white man followed the example of the Indian our wild game would not have been depleted as it was, and the buffalo would not be almost extinct.

Wm. H. Jackson who came to the old west from Vermont and became known as "The Picture Maker of the Old West," stated at one time that he recalled "sportsmen" firing into a close-packed herd of buffalo when it came within range of their railroad car. As he said "the useful animals were killed for no other purpose than to make prey for the wolves and coyotes."

Fortunately, through our government Forestry Service and Wild Life Conservation Service, some of the wild life is being restored. Deer, elk, and antelope are controlled and the herds are now increasing every year. Recently a herd of two hundred and fifty elk was spotted in the Mt. Evans area.

The wild turkeys are reappearing in some places and are increasing in numbers. It is doubtful that the buffalo will ever be plentiful again, but we can be grateful that we have a herd close at hand, well cared for, to contribute to our understanding of the life of our pioneers and their predecessors, the Indians.

THE WANDERING GRAVE



BUFFALO BILL'S GRAVE ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

No matter what you may have heard about W. F. Cody, and practically everyone has heard OF him, it is hard to separate truth from legend. Buffalo Bill, as he came to be known, was one of the world's most colorful characters. His life story has become part of our American Legend. The fact that his burial spot is close to home — on the top of Lookout Mountain to be exact, gives us in the inter-canyon area particular reason to be interested in him and his "wandering grave."

The famous old Indian scout, buffalo hunter, and showman was Iowa born (1840), migrated in his youth to Kansas, was a government scout on the plains (1868), owned a ranch near Cody, Wyoming, the (town named for him), and in North Platte, Nebraska, owned a ranch where he had winter quarters for his Wild West Show. Each of these locations

felt slighted and left out when five months after his death in Denver, January 10, 1917, he was buried on top of Lookout Mountain.

It has been said that "instantly upon his death Mayor Speer (of Denver) foresaw the community opportunity that this unhappy event afforded." An agreement was worked out between Buffalo Bill's widow and the city. It provided that Denver's rights to the honor were not open to challenge. It was duly signed, and on June 4, 1917, W. F. Cody was laid to rest on the mountain top. The crypt was cut out of granite from the peak and like that of Abraham Lincoln, was encased in tons of concrete to which railroad ties were attached. Some say seven tons of concrete were used, some say twenty. In any case the "powers that be" said, "The body is here to stay."

The grave is on the east face of the mountain, overlooking the plains where Buffalo Bill, courageous and daring, with loyalty to his country, had ridden through Indian territory, carrying important messages and valuable packages. He had been chief of the Plains' Scouts and had personally encountered and killed the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand. He rests on the mountain where he once had a lookout post for Indians and buffalo. The Union Pacific railroad, when they were laying their transcontinental road to the west, employed him to provide the meat for their construction crews. He got buffalo meat for them and for himself the name Buffalo Bill.

All was peaceful for a quarter of a century after the burial. People visited the grave and the museum that was established near it, without incident. In 1944 the Twentieth Century Fox picture, "Buffalo Bill," starring Joel McCrea, Linda Darnell, and Maureen O'Hara, held its world premier in Denver. Indian chiefs and princesses gave war dances in front of the theatre, there was a buffalo barbecue held in their honor, and they answered the questions on the "Double or Nothing" program on the radio. The Indian guests had been with Cody's Wild West Show and travelled our country as well as Europe. They included such colorful names as: Princess Bluewater, Chief Red Cloud, Chief High Eagle, Chief Frank-Afraid-of-Horses, and Princ-

ess White Flower. The Buffalo Bill story was very much alive.

In 1946 the entire country was made conscious of him and his resting place. Denver had thought it owned the land on which the grave was located, but during the Newton administration an error was discovered that started the famous controversy known as "the Wandering Grave." One John R. Browne had bought several parcels of land, and there had been lengthy descriptions written. It was discovered that the Browne property included a two-acre plot with the grave upon it. Mr. Browne when made aware of the situation, graciously returned the two acres to the City of Denver. Unfortunately, Cody, Wyoming, heard of the mistake and began proceedings to have old Bill moved to Cody, claiming that its very name proved its right to him. The former owner and publisher of the Cody Enterprise, then living in the east, wrote that he knew that Buffalo Bill had wanted to be buried on a "cedar covered mountain overlooking Cody." The Cody Legion Post offered a \$10,000 reward for the body. At this point the Denver Mountain Parks police were alerted and the National Guard was put on call. It was claimed that Denver did not appreciate what it had. But three-quarters of a million people visited the shrine in 1945, three times as many people as there were in the whole state of Wyoming at the time. Denver knew what it had. Mrs. Johnny Baker, wife

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of Buffalo Bill's adopted son, claimed that she remembered that the scout himself arranged with Mayor Speer for the Lookout location. Finally, when it became evident that Lookout Mountain was to continue to be his final resting place, the matter was dropped.

In 1956, "Death Valley Mack" (Sampson McDonald) came to Lookout Mountain claiming that he had a saddle bag that Buffalo Bill had given him in 1904 with the stipulation that he refrain from opening it for fifty years. His story did not ring true to the Golden Chamber of Commerce or to those in charge of the Museum on Lookout, and they refused to support the show he wished to put on at the graveside.

He claimed that he had spent two years trying to decide where Buffalo Bill actually was buried. He said he had

finally decided it was Lookout Mountain because he had met some people who saw him in his coffin there. "Death Valley Mack" persuaded the owner of the old Windsor Hotel, Geo. Chamberlain, and a real estate man, Paul Elam, to sponsor him. Quite a show was put on and, according to the Denver Post, 'Mack' with a Santa Claus haircut, a Buffalo Bill goatee and mustache and full western garb" opened his saddle bag with great ceremony. Out of it came silver spurs, old post cards, yellowed by time, buckskin pants, leather gloves, colorfully beaded and quantities of Indian relics — and a human skull. And so the legend of Buffalo Bill goes on and on. But his grave is no longer the "wandering Grave." With his wife beside him, he is resting very permanently on our own Lookout Mountain.

The Little Chapel in the Hills at Buffalo Creek, Colo., is one of the most picturesque in the mountain area. With its diamond shaped windows it sits on a little hill surrounded by a little cemetery. A huge fireplace in the back of the Chapel was its only heat until a few years ago.

The Chapel was dedicated in 1900 and was a true community church. It has remained non-denominational through the years and each Sunday during the summer months a different denomination conducts the service.

The Little Chapel in the Hills, simple, beautiful and appropriate, has brought hundreds of people closer to the beauties of Nature and the Infinite.

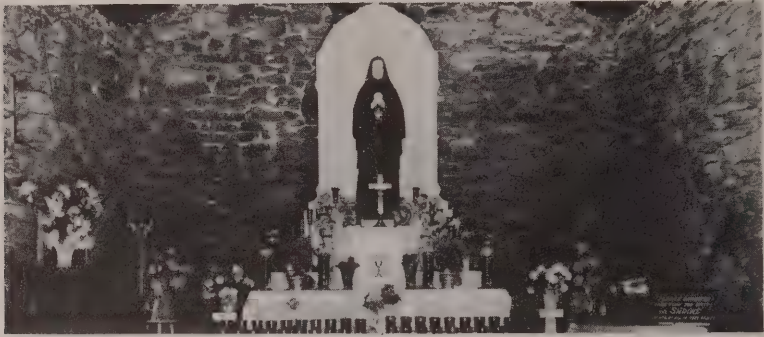
THE MOTHER CABRINI SHRINE



It was in 1890 that a quiet but dynamic nun of the Roman Catholic Church made a visit to the city of Denver and decided that she would like to establish an orphanage there. This was Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, born in Lodi, Italy, founder of the Order of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. The orphanage did not materialize until twelve years later when on October 24, 1902, she returned to Denver at the invitation of the Most Reverend Nicholas C. Matz, the second bishop of Denver. She was a great executive and it was she who personally drew up the building plans and supervised the establishing of the Queen of

Heaven Orphanage, now located on Federal Boulevard. This is one of the sixty-seven such institutions founded by her over a period of thirty-seven years.

In accomplishing all this, her travels took her far and near, to Europe, and to South America. In the Andes she went on horseback through the rugged terrain, bringing the message of the Sacred Heart to the natives in the interior. She was respected by all with whom she came in contact, and it is told that even animals recognized in her something supreme and inspirational. Once in Salt Lake City, Mother Cabrini was walking through an alley with a Sister companion



when a runaway black stallion came charging toward them. The companion stepped aside but Mother Cabrini continued on. When the frothing animal got within a foot or two of her he stopped, was quiet for a moment, and then continued on his mad charge past her.

In 1912, Mother Cabrini acquired for the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, nine hundred acres of ground atop Mt. Vernon, west of Denver. She thought it a perfect spot for a summer home and school for her Denver orphans. Geologists examined the land and told her it would be hopeless to try it. They could find no trace of water on any of the nine hundred acres. Mother Cabrini was carrying a heavy stick while going over the land with the men. With it she turned over a large rock. Lo and behold, water flowed freely where the rock was set aside. The water flows endlessly and seems to come from nowhere. It is credited with many miracles of healing, particularly in cases of cancer and blindness. The water is piped now so that visitors may take advantage of

its healing powers either on the mountain top or by taking some of it home to afflicted loved ones. Because she found the water, Mt. St. Frances summer camp came into being. It provides a vacation and schooling for each of fifty orphans at the Queen of Heaven Orphanage.

Mother Cabrini died in Chicago, December 22, 1917. In 1929 a shrine was built over the miracle water, and was dedicated. From time to time her life was reviewed in Rome and on November 6, 1938, her beatification took place. On July 6, 1946, she was canonized. Mother Cabrini was the first American citizen to be raised to the rank of Blessed. Faith in God was the secret of her life. The Shrine on top of Mt. Vernon is of The Immaculate Conception, an exact duplicate of the famous one in Lourdes, France. Besides a life-like statue of Mother Cabrini there is a small one of St. Bernadette. Nearby, standing twenty-two feet from the base to the top of the head, is a statue of Christ, by Italian artists and imported from Italy.

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Leading up to it is a Stairway of Prayer with the Fourteen Stations of the Cross followed by the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. It stands in front of an image of the Sacred Heart which

Mother Cabrini herself fashioned from pure white quartz, taken from the ground surrounding the statue.

Mother Cabrini — a wonderful woman, now a Saint.

EARLY DAYS IN MT. VERNON CANYON



At the mouth of Mt. Vernon Canyon, in the hollow just off the Morrison Road, is a familiar stone house. In 1860 it was built by R. W. Steele, governor of the provisional territory of Jefferson, from which the State of Colorado was created on February 26, 1861. The first meeting of the Colorado state legislature was held in the living room of this old house, one of the earliest built in the Canyon. Mr. Steel was a patriotic man, interested in good government and a great admirer of George Washington. When he came west he told a friend that he hoped to find a beautiful spot that he could name in honor of the first president. He chose the wide open canyon, with its rolling hills and winding wagon road. It was known then as the Ute Trail because once each year several thou-

sand of the Ute tribe made their way through the canyon to their council meeting a little to the north toward what is now Golden. He thought of changing the name to Washington Canyon, but on consideration decided on MT. VERNON, as it seemed to have more of a western flavor and was a name that still gave honor to the president. The road was a toll road and at times travellers would be lined up for as much as two miles at the toll station.

The Steele house was built as a stage station, general store, saloon and post office. It also housed the first Wells Fargo Express office in this part of the country. In 1870 the house and property was acquired by William Matthews and has remained in the Matthews family ever since. A few portions of the land have been

sold but largely it has been kept intact. The Mt. Vernon service station is located on a part of the old acreage, and recently the corner piece below the station was sold for the proposed building of a large hotel. John Matthews inherited his father's houses and land and his widow lives there today.

It was here that travellers made their first change of horses on their way to the gold, copper and gypsum mines to the west. There were accommodations for sixty horses and there were often that many to be cared for. Coming down the Canyon from the mines, men and their loaded ore wagons stopped and stayed overnight at the Mt. Vernon House. There was a stone storehouse adjacent to the big house where the ore was placed for safe keeping. The ore was usually of high grade and valuable. The Matthews tell a story of William Matthews guarding the storeroom himself one night when a gold-hungry man attempted to break into the store-room. The intruder sawed the lock out of the heavy door, reached through the hole to lift the bar and latch. Mr. Matthews came down on the man's hand with an iron bar, severing two of his fingers. This put the thief to flight and although a posse followed the trail of blood for a great distance, he was never caught.

Across the little stream from the big house is a smaller one, also a part of the Matthews ranch. The story goes that a murder was committed there at one time and the house be-

came haunted by the victim. The house remained vacant because of this persistent belief until some fifteen years ago when John Matthew's daughter decided that it was time the myth be done away with and she put the house in order and has lived in it peacefully ever since.

The early settlers of Mt. Vernon Canyon had great hope that it would some day be a thriving community. Blueprints have been found showing a planned town with named streets, a public park and a cemetery. Only the cemetery came to pass as they planned it, a small plot of ground to the east of Mt. Vernon House where there are approximately twenty-five graves visible. There was a tendency for settlers to turn a bit to the south where George Morrison, Pete, as he was better known, had homesteaded in 1859. Dr. Joseph S. Costa was the original founder of the new settlement and it was he who named it Morrison in October, 1872, in honor of the original homesteader.

But the old stone Steele-Matthews house still stands preserved and well-cared for, as a constant reminder of the early days of Mt. Vernon Canyon. On the living room wall, where that first legislature meeting was held, hangs the following framed historical certificate -

Department of the Interior
Washington, D.C.

This is to certify that the historic building known as

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the Robert W. Steele house in the county of Jefferson in the State of Colorado, has been selected by the advisory committee of the Historic American Building Survey, as possessing exceptional historic and architectural interest and as being worthy of most careful preservation for the benefit of future generations and that to this end a record

of its present appearance and condition has been made and deposited for permanent reference in the Library of Congress.

attest

A. Leicester Hyde
District Officer

Harold Ickes
Secretary of the Interior

Department of the
Interior Seal

A DEGREE OF STERLING SILVER



In Golden, Colorado, at the foot of the inter-canyon area and in the heart of the great mineral producing section of the Rocky Mountains is the Colorado School of Mines. It is a school with a national and international reputation. It is the oldest and largest college devoted entirely to the training of engineers for the mineral industries, and these industries are cognizant of the value they receive from the school. This is evidenced by the many

scholarships provided by them. Forty foreign countries, as well as every state in the Union, are represented on its campus. Ten per cent of the nation's mineral engineers are graduated from Mines, as it is familiarly called. At present there is a total of 4500 living alumni who are developing the world's mineral resources in every state, four territories, and about sixty foreign countries.

The fame of Mines has been

growing and developing ever since the idea of such a school was born in the mind of Bishop Geo. M. Randall of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Randall came to Colorado from Boston, Massachusetts, a few years after the original gold strike had lured many men to this part of the country. He visualized a college or university that would educate these men in the arts, sciences, and religion.

Although official records give February 9, 1874, as the birthday of the School of Mines, that being the date on which it first received financial support from the Territory, it actually came into being in 1868. Bishop Randall accepted a gift of twelve acres of land and set about building his school. Mining men contributed and a private fund was set up by Geo. A. Jarvis of Boston. August 23, 1869, the cornerstone was laid for Jarvis Hall. In November of the same year a terrific windstorm hit Golden. The damage was only slight in the town itself but the uncompleted school building was demolished. Pioneer courage came to the fore and before a year had passed a second cornerstone was laid and a \$3500 frame building with two classrooms and a professor's study became the nucleus of the Colorado School of Mines. E. J. Mallet, "Professor in Charge."

On September 24, 1873, the Colorado Transcript predicted for the School of Mines, "a brilliant and useful future." This has been achieved but

the path to success was strewn with problems, primarily financial. After Bishop Randall's death in 1874 it faced a real crisis. George West, editor of the Transcript, wrote a series of editorial appeals and ultimately a bill approving the school as a Territorial supported institution was passed. Men whose names are familiar to all of us in the area gave their support to it — E. L. Berthoud, C. C. Welch, and W. A. H. Loveland.

In 1882, one man was given a degree and in 1883, the first graduation exercises were held, two men receiving the silver certificate. Every spring since then the traditional silver diploma, in an embossed blue leather case, is given to graduating seniors. There is none like it. The silver is sterling and the president's signature has to be written on it with a vibrating stylus.

Young men — and women, too (four women have been graduated from Mines) work hard for these silver treasures. Engineering courses are not easy and Mines' are no exception. Much book study is necessary and besides that students have an opportunity to learn by doing. The school leases on a ninety-nine year basis, the Edgar Mine at Idaho Springs, Colorado. Here they carry on mining-surveying, stopping, drifting, blasting, and general mechanical engineering of mines. The mine is also used for research and experiments toward further development and increased efficiency. Since 1953 the Edgar

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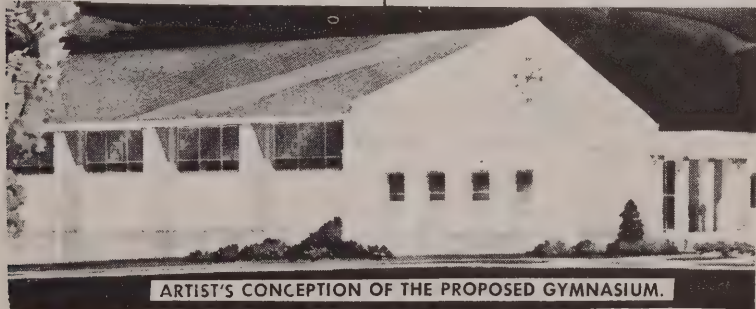
has been open to visitors and tourists. In the first six months it was open, with little or no publicity, more than a thousand people from nearly all the states and some from foreign countries visited the Edgar. Since then the number has vastly increased.

Mines also maintains a summer camp near Rangely, Colorado, for petroleum study and the Wild Horse Park near Pueblo provides a splendid field laboratory for those studying geology. It is rugged work, but valuable.

But there is a lighter side to college life at the foot of the mountains. Athletics, both intermural and intercollegiate, are sandwiched in between studies; winter sports, so close at hand, are enjoyed and there are eight social fraternities as well as twenty-

the Mines Regatta. Then there are the seniors Stetson Hats!

When we look at the \$10,000,-000 campus of today we are seeing something vastly different from the one of 1869. The present campus proper contains about twenty-five acres, Sports areas, Mines Park, and the Experimental plant add one hundred and fifty-three more. There are some forty-one buildings for the school's use, all substantial, well-equipped for the needs of a technical school, and a handsome library housing 90,000 books on the subjects taught and for research. In the early years there were three buildings on twelve acres. There was the School of Mines Building, a two-story, square brick structure with a tower and a flat roof, Jarvis Hall, now the site of the



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE PROPOSED GYMNASIUM.

four professional groups. And over the years time has been found to develop some traditions — the painting of the "M" on the side of Mt. Zion, overlooking Golden, a tug of war across Clear Creek, Engineering Day, with its rock drilling contests, ore "mucking" races and the raft race down Clear Creek known as

Colorado School for Boys, and one other small building. These were fenced in and a wooden arch over the entrance to the grounds said "Nil Sine Dui Nine" — "Nothing Without God's Influence."

And what will it be in the years to come? The school realizes its responsibility and has already made plans to

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keep The Colorado School of Mines the finest school of its kind. This will not be a simple task. Science is developing faster than any of us can believe. This new scientific age we are living in means that more young men will be seeking scientific education. More teachers will be needed as time goes on and these teachers will need to devote more and more of their time to study and research in order to "keep up." This in turn means more facilities of every kind must be added. The plan for the future is known as The Horizon Plan. With it and the cooperation that is justly anticipated from prominent business men, educators, and legislators, by 1974, Mines' Centen-

nial Year, the challenge will be met. What happens to the Colorado School of Mines affects Colorado, our nation, the known world and those worlds that are a mystery today, but familiar tomorrow. When the Horizon Plan was announced in 1956, Mines' President John W. Vanderwilt said: "Society as a whole will benefit from having a continuing supply of mineral engineers to help provide the minerals, metals, and fuels necessary for human progress."

Our sincere appreciation to Mr. James L. Sankovitz, of the Office of Public Information of Colorado School of Mines, for giving us facts, figures, and information on the school.

The lovely yellow rose bushes that can be seen in the yards particularly in the town of Morrison, are not native to Colorado. Way back in 1859, Emmaline Littlefield, from Iowa, married Alexander Rooney and came west with him, carrying all their possessions in a covered wagon. It was a rough and tiresome trip, but as their son Alex says: "When they reached the land of their dreams all their cherished possessions were safe and sound. Even Emmaline's little yellow roses which she loved so much, weathered the trip." They were the first yellow roses that the area had ever seen, and she gave many townspeople slips which grew and prospered in their yards and gardens. Many of the bushes we see today are the original ones and some are offsprings of them.

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